

MODERN LANGUAGE NOTES.

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SPENSER'S CAVE OF DESPAIR.

*An Essay in Literary Comparison.*¹

PART I.

THE range of fundamental themes in poetry, even in the great epochs, is at best but narrow. The literary echo pursues the student of Classical literature. In all the vast lyric of the Petrarchian tradition all that we find is some dozen essential motives: the Lover's Hope, the Lover's Despair, the Lover's Appeal, the Lover's Unworthiness, and the like. Even in our composite modern poetry, with its endless attempt at variation and novelty, the motives employed are susceptible of being resolved and grouped in a limited number of categories. As in the symphony so in the poem, the vocabulary of moods, from allegretto to andante, is easily mastered.

But it is in Mediæval poetry more than anywhere else that the fixed theme has its chief abiding place.² As Mediæval thought is narrow and perpetually self-involved, so is its poetry. Certain nature descriptions, as the

¹ In MOD. LANG. NOTES for Jan., 1890, there appeared an interesting and valuable article by Prof. A. S. Cook, presenting the passage from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, (Bk. i, canto i, stanzas 39-46 usually known as 'The House of Sleep,' together with a number of parallel passages from Classical, Italian, and earlier English literature, the whole affording the materials for a very suggestive study in comparative literature. In the following paper I have taken an equally famous passage from the *Faerie Queene*, which, however, runs back to purely mediæval and romantic sources, and which points to numerous later analogues and imitations. In the more important of these the resemblance to Spenser is rather one of motive and of poetical kinship, than of machinery and direct echo; and I have, therefore, thought it best to interweave comment and disquisition to a certain extent with citation and proof. The sequence of theme and of influence which I have attempted to demonstrate seems to me to be none the less certain and important because it seems less obvious and specific. The interest of the subject lies, perhaps, also in the instructive contrast and comparison afforded between two intense and typical utterances of high poetic romanticism, the one Elizabethan, the other nineteenth century neo-romantic, as well as in the development and history of a recurrent literary motive.

² See the interesting studies on the prevalence of the 'Ubi Sunt Formula' in Mediæval and Renaissance poetry, in MOD. LANG. NOTES, vol. viii.

springtide setting or the autumnal background, certain moral reflections, as the theme of evanescence and mutability or the text of 'carpe diem', certain set forms of visions and cavalcades and knightly combats are continually recurring.

Spenser, while the first of the great Renaissance poets of England, is at the same time the last of the Mediævals, and in his poetry we find repeated again and again many of the favorite motives of Mediæval poetry. He was an idealist, or more properly an idealizer, and a dreamer; his dream-world was built up out of the past, whether the past of Classical mythology or of Mediæval feudalism; his idealism was a peculiar product of the English Renaissance.

In one famous passage in the *Faerie Queene* (the passage describing the Cave of Despair and the encounter between Despair himself and the Red Cross Knight, in book i, canto ix), Spenser has elaborated and idealized in his peculiar manner one of the consecrated personifications of the Mediæval mind. After Spenser, and often with direct reminiscence of his treatment, other English poets have made use of motives similar to those found in this passage. In this paper I propose to trace some of the sources of Spenser's treatment, to analyze the passage itself, and then to consider some of its later literary analogues and sequences.

The great question of sin and salvation pre-occupies the Mediæval mind, and forms the substance of its theology. From its theology it passes into its poetry. Dante, the representative poet of the Middle Ages, writes the epic of sin and salvation.

Among the sins which solicit mankind there is one which profoundly affected the Mediæval imagination, the sin against the Holy Ghost,³ the sin of sins, in that it tempted to self-destruction and thereby shut off every hope of repentance and salvation. This sin was the sin of Despair,

"*homicida animæ*, the murderer of the soul, as Austin terms it, a fearful passion, wherein

³ In the *Ayenbite of Inwit* (ed. Morris, Early Eng. Text Soc., p. 29), Despair is named as one of the six sins against the Holy Ghost.

the party oppressed thinks he can get no ease but by death and is fully resolved to offer violence unto himself."⁴

Despair is the forerunner of self-destruction. In Mediæval thought, Despair and Suicide are habitually associated. Despair is the despair of God's mercy: Burton paraphrases the Mediæval conception of it in these words:

"The terrible meditation of hell-fire and eternal punishment much torments a sinful silly soul. What's a thousand years to eternity? *Ubi moeror, ubi fletus, ubi dolor sempiternus? Mors sine morte, finis sine fine.*—What shall this unspeakable fire be that burns forever, innumerable infinite millions of years, *in omne ævum, in æternum.* O eternity!"⁵

The figure of Despair, "a female figure thrusting a dagger into her throat, and tearing her long hair—inscribed 'Desperatio mortis crudelis'," has been described by Ruskin,⁶ "By Giotto she is represented as a woman hanging herself, a fiend coming for her soul."⁷ In Dante the wood of the suicides is in the second circle of the *Inferno*. The two hounds which there pursue and rend the victims are frequently interpreted as standing for Poverty and Despair.⁸ And of course Despair, or the Abandonment of Hope is the very condition of entrance into Hell: "Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate." Adopted in continental literature and art as a favorite motive and symbol, can we trace the Vision of Despair similarly in English literature?

Chaucer's *Parson's Tale* affords us exactly the transition we want from Mediæval theology to English poetry. In his treatment of the Seven Deadly Sins in the course of his sermon on Penitence the worthy Parson enlarges upon the incidents of "accidie" (sullen

⁴ Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. iii, sect. iv, Member ii, subsection 2. The last six subsections of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, that strange cartulary of the Mediæval mind engrossed by the hands of a seventeenth century clerk, are taken up with a dissertation upon the sin of Despair, wherein the opinions of Zanchius, Musculus, Mersennus, Erasmus, and other doctors and theologians are copiously cited.

⁵ Reduced to its lowest terms the Mediæval conception of Despair is but the obverse of the Classical myth of Pandora, where Hope is the last gift left in the fatal box.

⁶ *Stones of Venice* ii, ch. viii, § lxxiii.

⁷ *Ib.*

⁸ Cf. Longfellow's *Dante*, notes *ad loc.*

discontent,— punished in the fifth circle of Dante's *Inferno*):

"Now cometh wanhope, that is despeir of the mercy of God, that cometh sometye of too muche outrageous sorrow, and sometime of too muche drede, imagininge that he hath doon so muche sinne that it wol nat availen him though he wolde repenten him and forsake sinne; thurgh which despeir or drede he abandoneth all his herte to every maner synne, as seith Saint Augustin.⁹ Which dampnable sin, if that it continue unto his ende, it is cleped sinning in the Holy Gost." . . . "Certes, ther is noon so horrible sinne of man that it ne may in his lyf be destroyed by penitence, thurgh vertu of the passion and of the deth of Crist. Alas! what nedeth man thanne to been despeired, sith that his mercy so redy is and large? Axe and have."¹⁰

Personifications of despair are common in other Middle English poets. In Lydgate's *Assembly of the Gods* (Act ii, Scene iv, of Dr. Triggs's edition), Despair is represented as meeting Vice.¹¹ "Wanhope" appears again in Langland's *Piers Plowman*, C Passus xx 291, as despair of the mercy of God.

How does this fundamentally theological conception get transformed into a literary motive, and what are the fortunes of this motive in its treatment in later English literature? In answering this question I shall have to describe at some length two principal treatments of the theme—Spenser's Cave of Despair in canto ix, Book i, of the *Faerie Queene*, and Tennyson's *Two Voices*,—two treatments which, as I believe, show a direct transmission of motive and influence, with significant points both of agreement and of discrepancy in detail. Other but less important treatments of

⁹ Quidam enim in peccata prolapsi desperatione plus pereunt, —St. Aug. *De Natura et Gratia*, cap 35 (Skeats' note).

¹⁰ Skeat refers to the similar passage in the *Ayenbite of Inwit* 31-34.

¹¹ So in Lydgate's *Temple of Glass* (ed. Sechick, Early Eng. Text Soc., ll. 636-686). The Knight, imploring Venus to be propitious to his wishes, relates the vacillations of Hope and Despair in his breast as he reflects on his lady's exalted virtue and worth. The form of argument already suggests Spenser and Tennyson. In the "Boke of Penance" appended to the *Cursor Mundi* (ed. Morris, E. E. T. Soc., p. 1474), the sinful man is exhorted not to fall into Despair:

"Thou sinful, be then war wit-all
In wreche wanhope that thou ne fall."

But (p. 1555) the sinner falls into wanhope and despair of all mercy.

the same theme will be referred to in passing.

The Cave of Despair is one of the most famous passages in the *Faerie Queene*. According to a venerable literary tradition it was this passage which first drew Raleigh's attention to Spenser. But Spenser did not first introduce into English poetry the suicide's argument of despair. How far he may have been acquainted with other earlier treatments of the theme in literature and art is uncertain. Du Bartas, whose writings Spenser knew and on whom he wrote a sonnet, introduces Despair "equipped with various instruments of Death" into his poem of *The Furies*. And in Skelton's morality of *Magnyfycence* (1530), the protagonist is delivered over to Despair who counsels suicide, and seconded by Myschefe, offers him a knife and a halter.¹² Later we note an entire play in which intense despair is the underlying motive. I refer to Marlowe's *Faustus*. And I find several passages in Chapman's plays illustrating the same idea.¹³ Spenser's chief model for the figure of Despair, however, as I shall attempt to show a little later, and as is generally believed, was a passage in the *Mirror for Magistrates*. At any rate and from whatever source he draws his materials had already been brought together for him. Deep interest in the problem of Despair and Mercy, the primary mood of awe and wonder, existed in men's minds. Mediæval theology and Mediæval art had created his situation for him. The task of Spenser was to take a traditional moral conception, exceptionally impressive in its fundamental elements, and translate that conception into the forms of poetry.

The Red Cross Knight, protagonist of humanity in Spenser's *Pilgrim's Progress* hav-

¹² Lines 2312 f. *Magnyfycence* succumbs to Despair without argument, but just as the knife is poised, as in Spenser, is saved by Goodhope ("repente Goodhope surripiat illi gladium").

¹³ Cf. Chapman, *Plays*, ed. Shepherd, 1874, pp. 357, 372. The former passage illustrates the traditional conception: "Enter Fronto, all ragged . . . with a halter in his hand, looking about." —After bewailing his misfortunes at some length he cries:

"Since villany, varied through all his figures,
Will put no better case on me than this,
Despair, come seize me! . . . (He offers to hang himself.)"

ing failed to conquer joylessness (Sansjoy) in the House of Spiritual Pride, and having been rescued but recently from the bonds of worldly and material pride (Orgoglio) by Arthur, meets Sir Trevisan fleeing from "A man of hell that calls himself Despair," who had but lately beguiled to his self-destruction Sir Trevisan's companion, Sir Terwin, and had nearly persuaded Sir Trevisan to do himself to death. Great is the terror of Sir Trevisan at the idea of encountering Despair again:

"His subtil tong like dropping honey mealt'h
Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine."

But like a true knight-errant, the Red Cross Knight insists on confronting this monster:

"'Certes,' said he, 'hence shall I never rest,
Till I that treachour's art have heard and tryde.'"

Then there follows a description of Despair and his dwelling, modeled partly after the descriptions in Sackville's *Introduction to the Mirror for Magistrates*, and presenting a picture which at once puts us into the atmosphere of Dante, or of the frescoes of Orcagna at Pisa, or of the sculptures and reliefs over the doors of some Gothic cathedral;

Ere long they come where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy clift ypyght,
Darke, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave
On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly owle,
Shrieking his baleful note
And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit, nor leaf, was ever seene,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees
On which had many wretches hanged beene
Whose carcasses were scattered on the greene
And thrown about the cliffs

That darksome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind;
His griesie [grizzly] lockes, long growen, and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face, through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and starèd as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes through penurie and pine
Were shronke into his jawes, as he did never dyne.

His garment nought but many ragged clouts,
With thorns together pind and patchèd was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet well'd fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fix'd stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

No detail is spared. It is a robust art that can incorporate into its substance so much of the fearful and the ugly, and still produce the impression of moral beauty as the final result. The Knight is still infected with pride. His proper function is to act. Instead thereof he longs to show his wit, and consequently is worsted. He begins by upbraiding Despair for the death of Sir Terwin. Despair replies:

"What franticke fit," quoth he, "hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
What justice ever other judgement taught,
But he should dye who merites not to live?
None els to death this man despayring drive
But his own guiltie mind, deserving death. . . ."

Who travailles by the wearie wandring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to help him over past,
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast? . . .
He there does now enjoy eternal rest
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little payne the passage have,
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave.
Is not short payne well born that bringes long ease.
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please. . . "

It would obviously require a mind better versed in Barbara and Celarent than the Knight's to answer off-hand such insidious sophisms as this honey-tongued man of hell advances. What a master-stroke of infernal antithesis is that

"Is not *short* pain well borne that brings *long* ease?"

Observe the subtle reminiscence of the Classic Song of the Sirens throughout this stanza, and note how the music of both reappears in the Choric song to Tennyson's *Lotos Eaters*.

The Knight begins to weaken and is so hard pressed that he can defend himself at best with the stoic commonplace of the man of action:

"The knight much wondered at his suddaine wit,
And sayd: 'The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong nor shorten it:
The souldier may not move from watchful sted,
Nor leave his stand until his Captaine bed;'
'Who life did limit by almighty doome,'
Quoth he, 'knowes best the termes establish'd,
And he, that points the Centonell his roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droume."

The longer life, I wote, the greater sin;¹⁴
The greater sin, the greater punishment;

Is not enough thy evil life forespent?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.
Then do no further go, no further stray.
But here ly downe and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may;
For what hath life that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Payne, hunger, cold that makes the hart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife:
All which, and thousands moe, do make a loathsome life.

Is not He just that all this doth behold
From highest heven, and beares an equal eie?
Shall He thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thy impietie?
Is not His lawe, Let every sinner die;
Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be donne,
Is it not better to doe willinglie
Than linger till the glas be all out ronne?
Death is the end of woes; die soon, O feries sonne."

This is the eternal voice of guilty conscience from the black depths of the heart.¹⁵ What art is this that objectifies the very processes and moods of the soul!

"Is not his *lawe*, Let every sinner die!"

Have we not heard that voice in our century too, the voice of inflexible "law," the conscience of an age speaking through the impassible stony generalizations of a scientific philosophy? And have we not heard the strident bitter cry of the tortured conscience of the century voiced in the pessimism of a Schopenhauer or a Leopardi—

"For what hath life that may it loved make?"

Despair, the *advocatus diaboli*, the personification of the morbid Puritanical conscience, sees his advantage and pursues it, showing to the knight,

"painted in a table [picture] plaine

¹⁴ This is a favorite Mediaeval text. Thus, Sir Thos. Wilson in his Discourse of Consolation to the Countess of Suffolk (*Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553, fol. 43b):

"In wishing longer life, we wishe often tymes longer woe, longer trouble, longer folly in this world, and weye all thynges well, you shall perceive wee have small joye to wish longer life."

¹⁵ "Now conscience wakes despair,
That slumbered; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be,
Worse; of worse deeds worse suffering must ensue."
Milton, *Par. Lost*, iv, 23-26.

The damnd ghosts that doe in torments walle
And thousand feends that do them endlesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which forever shall remaine.

The sight whereof so thoroughly him dismayd
That nought but death before his eies he saw,
And ever-burning wrath before him laid
By righteous sentence of the Almighty's law."

The Knight is now the victim of his adversary and seizes the dagger which Despair reaches out, resolved to slay himself; at the supreme moment, however, Una, the spirit of faith, rushes forward and stays his hand. She rebukes the knight as follows:

"Fie fie, faint-hearted knight. . . .
Come, come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly heart,
No devilish thoughts dismay thy constant spright;
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Where justice growes, there growes eke greater grace."

Despair in despair thereupon hangs himself

"unbid, unblest,
But death he could not worke himself thereby."

"The terrible meditation of hell-fire and eternal punishment much torments a sinful silly soul," says our admirable Burton; ". . . The greatest harm of all proceeds from those thundering ministers; a most frequent cause they are of this malady. . . . Whereas, St. Bernard well adviseth, We should not meddle with the one without the other, nor speak of judgement without mercy; the one alone brings desperation, the other security! But these men are wholly for judgement; of a rigid disposition themselves, there is no mercy in them, no salvation, no balm for diseased souls; they can speak of nothing but reprobation, hell-fire, and damnation; as they did, Luke xi, 46, lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, which they themselves touch not with a finger."

PART II.

We have followed thus far the drama of Despair and Conscience in Spenser's powerful treatment. It is time to consider now his chief immediate source and his early imitators and followers. Spenser, it is probable, drew the main hints for this episode, especially for the poetical argument on self-destruction, from Higgins' version of the *Legend of Queene Cordila* in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1574. In Higgins' version of course we miss the shaping and life-giving imagination of the artist. Cordelia, in accordance with the easy canon of Mediaeval poetry, relates her own death. To her, imprisoned by her wicked sisters, Despair, a female figure, appears in a

dream, and offers instruments of riddance from her wretched state. Cordelia takes the knife, but still doubtingly:

"So still I lay in study with myself at bate and strife,
What thing were best of both these deep extremes
untried;

Good Hope all reasons of Despair denied,
And she again replied to prove it best
To die, for still in life my woes increast."

Until finally Cordelia yields to Despair. In Higgins' treatment the argument is merely suggested, and is not generalized as with Spenser, but remains *ad hominem*. It is a soliloquy and is not dramatically objectified. Moreover, the sufferings which are suggested as arguments for despair and suicide are not spiritual sufferings, as with the Red Cross Knight, but purely material sufferings, the loss of liberty, of riches, and of power.

Among the poets commonly classed as belonging to the School of Spenser we find several imitations of this episode in Spenser, none however, significant or original in treatment, so that it will be sufficient for our purpose merely to enumerate them. The figure of Despair, modelled on Spenser's description, enters into the fifth song of the first book of Wm. Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*.¹⁶

Again in *The Purple Island* (canto xii, stanzas 32 f.) of Phineas Fletcher, "the Spenser of this age," as he was termed by Francis Quarles, occurs the same description somewhat amplified.

Giles Fletcher (*Christ's Victory and Triumph*, Bk. ii, stanzas 23 f.) presents a very close imitation of Spenser's description, but without presenting action or argument. Todd also adduces a similar description, modelled on Spenser, from Henry More's *Song of the Soul*, Bk. i c. iii. Again, the figure of Despair in his cave occurs, with obvious parody of Spenser, in the second part of *The Return*

¹⁶ The entrance of Riot, a young prodigal, into the House of Repentance (modelled on Spenser's House of Holiness) is described. Outside of this house, by the path leading down to Hell

"in an ebon chaire

The soul's black homicide, meager Despaire,
Had his abode,"

surrounded by the instruments of death and by the horrible remains of those who, at his suggestion, had taken their own lives (Cf. *F. Q.* i, ix, 36). No argument on the subject of suicide is introduced.

from *Parnassus* iii, v, ll. 1460-1466 (Macray's edition). Similar parody occurs in the poem *O noble Festus*, in Percy's Folio MSS. iii, 272. In all these imitations it is to be noted that the figure of Despair, with his picturesque attributes of moral symbolism, is copied again and again, while the magical art of the argument between Despair and the Red Cross Knight is evidently felt to be beyond imitation or parody and is not attempted.

Satyr xi of Wither's *Abuses Stript and Whipt, or Satyricall Essayes* (Spenser Soc. Pub. 1871) is "Of Despaire." The conventional figure is here again presented:

" This is that
We call Despaire: with gastly looke he stands,
And poysons, ropes, or poyn-yards fill his hands."

The description of the state of the soul of the man who is the victim of Despair which follows might have been suggested by Spenser.

Distantly reminiscent of Spenser is the passage of high and severe argumentation in *Paradise Lost* (x, 1012f.), between Adam and Eve over the suggestion of suicide as an escape from the woes predicted for them and their seed. It is significant that in Spenser it is Una, the representative of the *Ewig-Weibliche*, who dissuades the man, who too is the sinner, from self-destruction; while in Milton the woman carries the chief burden of sin, and the typical man argues against her suggestions of suicide.

In Bunyan's allegory Despair is naturally a prominent figure. Bunyan seems to be entirely original in his treatment, and yet the traditional conception of mediæval theology is obviously his *motif*.

"His Despair is now the Man in the Iron Cage, now a giant dwelling in Doubting Castle; the latter like Spenser's Despair, tells Christian and Hopeful in a surly manner, "forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison."¹⁷

Whereupon Christian and Hopeful take counsel together, the former arguing for and the latter against suicide as the only refuge from their woes (Part i, Seventh Stage).

It is natural that during the English "classical" period a theme so romantic, introspective, and intense as that embodied in Spenser's Vision of Despair should have presented

¹⁷ Percival, Spenser's *F. Q.* Bk. i, p. 285.

little attraction and should have practically died out from the tradition of poetry. With the revival of romanticism during the last half of the eighteenth century, however, the mood and the subject return, although there is little that shows the influence of Spenser or of the peculiar Mediæval conceptions. Dr. Joseph Wharton, it is true, has an *Ode against Despair* in the highly wrought spirit of Horace Walpole and the early imitative romanticists. Despair, again personified, is pictured as one,

"Who on that ivy-darkened ground,
Still takes at eve his silent round,
Or sits yon new-made grave beside,
Where lies a frantic suicide"
"Thus to the sullen power I spake:
Haste with thy poisoned dagger, haste,
To pierce this sorrow-laden breast!
Or lead me, at the dead of night,
To some sea-beat mountain's height,
Whence with head-long haste I'll leap
To the dark bosom of the deep"

The Ode on *The Suicide* by his brother, Dr. Thomas Wharton, is even more intense in its romanticism:

"Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
Despair forever in his view,
A spectre pale, appeared:
While as the shades of eve arose,
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant-shape she reared."

But with the great romantic poets of the first quarter of our century, however frequent the poetic mood of despair and dejection may be, the personal note drowns every other, and the traditional machinery no longer appears. It is so in Shelley's *Ode Written in Dejection*:

"Yet even now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear."

And it is so likewise in the *Ode to Dejection* as well as in *The Suicide's Argument* by Coleridge.¹⁸

It is in Tennyson, the great post-romantic poet, that this singularly romantic mood and motive again receive complete and artistic utterance. Many passages in his poetry dally

¹⁸ It is worth recalling that Wordsworth, too, in his formal way, takes up the argument against moral despair and inordinate grief and remorse in book iv of the *Excursion*.

with the idea.¹⁹ The poem entitled *Despair* is a bit of fierce and burning realism, voicing the resentful desperation of a suicide saved from self-destruction against his will. The dark mood of it is paralleled by the *Welt-Schmerz* and dramatic cynicism of *The Vision of Sin*, with its magnificent concluding suggestion of hope after the blackness of despair:

"Another said: 'The crime of sense became
The crime of malice, and is equal blame,'
And one: 'He had not wholly quenched his power;
A little grain of conscience made him sour,'
At last I heard a voice upon the slope
Cry to the summit, 'Is there any hope?'
To which an answer peal'd from that high land,
But in a tongue no man could understand;
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn."

But Tennyson's greatest treatment of the theme of guilt of conscience and moral despair is in that profound and subtle poem, *The Two Voices*.

The Two Voices, like the Episode of Despair in Spenser, is a poetical argument on the theme of moral desperation and of self-destruction. The original motive in each is precisely the same, but Tennyson has translated Spenser's problem into the formulæ of modern thought. Spenser objectifies, symbolizes; we have to pierce through the allegory to see how near to our own hearts is his argument. Despair and the Red Cross Knight,—what are they but the "Two Voices" of conscience. Tennyson speaks more openly; his symbolism is not covert; the illusion he attempts is purely subjective. His thought is richer, riper, more plangent. Nevertheless the two poetic moods are the same. Wide as are the differences in form and material between the two poems, there is a more significant resemblance between them, the resemblance of spiritual affinity. The *materia poetica*, as Dryden said, is as common as the *materia medica*, and it is of small importance that two poets draw upon the same material. But the kinship of mind and mood is something far more deep and subtle. There are born Platonists and born Aristotelians. Spenser and Tennyson are of the same spiritual family.

¹⁹ See for instance the *Palace of Art*, *Mariana* and the early parts of *In Memoriam*.

For the sake of the comparison with Tennyson, let us resume the argument in Spenser's episode. Despair urges:

1. Sin merits death, therefore die! This is the essence of divine law and justice.
2. Death is in itself preferable to life. It is rest and ease, and the pain of dying is short. Life is not worth living.

The Knight briefly answers:

Man is not at liberty to abandon his post. His duty holds him here.

But Despair replies with the moral sophism of the necessitarians:

3. Do the deed and it becomes God's deed,—

"Is not His deed whatever thing is done
In heaven and earth."

Death is inevitable; we cannot avoid fate.

4. Longer life means only longer sin. The clouds of glory trail all behind us and fade away as we go on. Life itself is sin. Around us ravin shrieks on ravin. The Fall of Man, Coleridge said, was the creation of the Non-Absolute.

5. Every man is a sinner, and so art thou. Why add to sin by further life?

"Death is the end of woes; die soon, O faerys' son."

Very briefly, almost sternly, in answer to all this, Una, piercing through his sophisms, calls the argument of Despair nothing but "vain words." The healthy mind recognizes this at once. Yielding to the suggestions of Despair is symptom of moral disease. Action, not words, is the proper remedy.

And now contrast Tennyson's argument:

1. "A still small voice [conscience] spake unto me
'Thou art so full of misery
Were it not better not to be?'"

2. The man answers: But life is full of wonder and beauty.

1. The Voice: But emerging from the chrysalis of this life, the next will be even fairer. The individual is petty, his scope narrow; the possibilities of the universe are infinite.

2. The Man: Still let us make what we can of this life; each individual has his chance.

- 1 The Voice: Life ends not with our ending; we count for so little in the universe.

2. The Man: But the spectacle of existence is worth while; merely to stand on the bank and watch the stream go by.

1. The Voice: Ah, but mere contemplation of *the Spectacle* will never make *the Mystery* clearer.

2. The Man: Duty holds us here. We are not at liberty to depart.

1. The Voice: The fear of death is cowardly. Opinion of men will not reach the right ear filled with dust.

2. The Man: Ah! but the delight of battle with our peers.

1. The Voice: A mere blind instinct. Misery alone is certain and sure.

2. The Man: But peace has come to some after strife.

1. The Voice: They had a happier nature; they did not see truth clearer.

Up to this point the debate has been agitated, even hurried. Now the spirit begins to wrestle more strenuously with itself, and dwells longer on the deeper perplexities of its thought. Hamlet's doubt occurs to the man.

2. The Man: What may follow death, what dreams may come,—this thought must give us pause.

"For I go, weak from suffering here;
Naked I go, and void of cheer;
What is it that I may not fear?"

1. The Voice: Why should we fear? Death is a sleep and a forgetting:

"Consider well," the voice replied,
"His face that two hours since hath died;
Wilt thou find passion, pain, or pride?"

2. The Man: But thou canst not show the dead are dead.

1. The Voice: Yes, for to begin implies an end.

2. The Man: But perhaps the soul has always existed.

1. The Voice: A dream! Sorrow alone is certain. Thy pain is a reality.

2. The Man:

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Had ever truly longed for death.
'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
O, life, not death, for which we pant;
More life, and fuller, that I want."

But the paroxysm of the struggle has spent itself. From now on the man is surer of himself and the better voice grows more confident and clear. Black thoughts are born of the

blackness of night. Returning day brings joy and hope. Pessimism or optimism is very much a matter of mood, of feeling, of external circumstance. Sympathy with our kind restores right feeling. We are justified in hope. Despair has not the last word. The universe is love. Let us rejoice with it inexistence:

"And forth into the fields I went
And nature's living motion lent
The pulse of hope to discontent.

I wondered while I paced along
The woods were filled so full with song,
There seem'd no room for sense of wrong.

And all so variously wrought,
I marvell'd how the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought;
And wherefore rather I made choice
To commune with that barren voice,
Than him that said 'Rejoice! Rejoice!'"

Three strands run through all this thought, familiar to readers of Tennyson. The first is the consideration of the pettiness and helplessness of the Individual in the sum of things.

"What am I? An infant crying in the night."

The second is the consideration of the inaccessibility of ultimate truth. "'What *is* Truth?' said jesting Pilate." But if we are helpless and insignificant as individuals, we are still valid parts of the great Sum of Things. The impulse of universal Nature works through us also. Hence life is a duty, a trust.

The third is the consideration of immortality. Here, too, we cannot know absolutely. We are certain neither of the affirmation nor of its contrary.

Intense brooding on these three considerations induces the mood of despair. They in our generation stand for what the problem of sin and of personal salvation did in Spenser's and Milton's. Carried to the extreme analysis of conscience they all lead to the same desperation. In Tennyson the treatment is larger, the interests are broader and freer; man is more raised above himself. We are not hindered by the medium of a difficult symbolism. Philosophical poetry has at last found its full voice. But in its essence shall we say that the treatment is more poetic; that the witchery and magic and beauty of conception and execution is greater? They are

different poetic modes, that is all. A hundred years hence who shall say that the one is more effective than the other?

Note that neither poet blanches or blinks at the realities. There is no timorous art, no timorous morality, no timorous facing of truth here. Despair in Spenser, like a serpent charming a bird, insinuates his seductive suggestions till we, too, for the moment are numbed and fascinated. There is no outcome from it, as there is no outcome for his reader at the moment from the terrible metaphysical imagination of Schopenhauer. And so in Tennyson. We are led into the depths. The passionate sway of the argument back and forth is irresistible. No art appears; it is all reality. In both poets we go through the whole synthesis of doubt. It is terrible, but it is purgative and salutary. We are the stronger for it afterwards. We endure the catharsis of pity and terror.

It is to be noted, too, that in both poets the moral conclusion is the same. Despair and pessimism are moods. They are not things to be blown away by argument. In this field even wisdom entangles herself in overwiseness. "Vain words" do not help the matter. Action, sunlight, sympathy, the consideration of Divine mercy, the consideration of the solidarity of existence and our oneness with the whole,—these are the only remedies and the right remedies against despair and negation.

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LE PAS SALADIN.*

CONCLUSION.

ON comparing the results obtained from the preceding examination, it is evident that the language contains, in addition to the forms of the Isle-de-France, a great number which are purely north-eastern. These dialectal differences are so numerous, and of such a character, that their use by the author of the poem seems improbable. If this supposition is correct, the present MS. is obviously a copy of an earlier one, and the question then arises, what was the dialect of the author.

Although the frequent occurrence of the

* See Jan., Feb. and April issues of current volumes of this Journal.

same characteristics is not necessarily a proof of their presence in the original MS., yet the indications that point to the French are so numerous and complete, that it must be regarded as the language used by the writer. A list of the characteristics found in the text, and belonging to the different dialects under consideration, will show more clearly the influence of each. The most important of the forms not common to the French are as follows:—

1. Retention of final *t*.
2. *a* becomes *ei*.
3. *z* becomes *s*.
4. *c+a* becomes *c(k)*.
5. *c+e, i* becomes *ch*.
6. Fall of *i* before a consonant.

During the thirteenth century, final *t* had disappeared from all the dialects except the Wallonian and eastern Picard. There are many examples of it in the text, but that final *t* belonged to the original MS. can be shown neither by the metre, nor the rhyme.

The second characteristic is not as distinctive as the first. It is common to several dialects, and may even be found in French. The rhyme shows that *ei* had the same pronunciation as the French *e*.

The reduction of *z* to *s* took place in Isle-de-France after the middle of the thirteenth century, and, although the former continued to be used, the pronunciation of both was the same. As the MS. was probably written at the close of the century, or even later, the use of *s* for *z* in the rhymes need not be regarded as a characteristic belonging especially to the Picard.

The fourth and fifth characteristics are apparently foreign to the French, but their pronunciation, which alone is of importance, is in doubt. The only positive evidence as to the pronunciation of the palatal by the author is furnished by the rhyme *toche: Antioche*, line 300. Here *c* before *a* has the sound of *ch*. A peculiarity to be observed in the use of these forms is that, instead of being distributed evenly throughout the text, nearly all of them are found crowded together within a space of less than two hundred lines, while in the rest of the MS. they are comparatively rare. This may be due to carelessness in copying, and if

so, it is an additional proof that the scribe was from the North.

The sixth characteristic is interesting only on account of the rhyme *conseillez : mieus*, 286. Although this seems to favor a Wallonian origin, yet this supposition is unsupported by other examples, and even contradicted by the rhyme *sout : ost*, in line 118.

The remaining characteristics are nearly equally divided between the two north-eastern dialects. Many of them are represented by but a single example, and need no individual mention. They may be grouped together as follows:—

1. *el*+consonant becomes *iau*.
2. *l* becomes *ilh*.
3. The pronoun *cesti*.
4. The feminine article *li*.
5. The use of *les* for the dative *lor*.
6. The ending *-ont* of the perfect tense.

The evidence in favor of the Isle-de-France as the home of the writer is more positive. The following list will show at once that the vowels, the consonants, and the grammatical forms are essentially French, and that but few characteristics are missing compared to the large number that have been omitted from the Wallonian and Picard.

VOWELS.

1. *e* in position, and *o* remain and do not diphthongize as in the North.
 2. Atonic *e* in hiatus is still counted as an extra syllable.
 3. *a* before oral consonants may become either *e*, or *ei*, but its development in the endings *aticum* and *atr* is French.
 4. *ē+j* and *ō+j* become *i* and *ui*.
- No. 2 is of some importance as it affects the metre, which, like the rhyme, generally remained unchanged.

CONSONANTS.

The consonants show a greater admixture of northern characteristics, but the regular French forms as given below are in the majority.

1. *c+a* becomes *ch*.
2. *c+e*, *i* becomes *c(s)*.
3. *l* is vocalized to *u*.
4. Final *t* falls.
5. German *w* becomes *gu*.

GRAMMATICAL FORMS.

1. The feminine article *li* is used in a single instance, but elsewhere we find *la*.
2. There is no trace of the possessive pronouns *mi*, *mis*, *mon*, etc.
3. The forms of the verb are all French, as is shown by the ending *-ons*, of the first person plural; *oi*, of the imperfect; and *-erent* and *-ierent*, of the perfect tense.

The presence in the text of the Wallonian and Picard characteristics may be accounted for in various ways. As the different dialects are not separated from each other by sharply defined boundaries, the MS. may have been copied either by a single scribe, speaking the mixed language of the frontier, or by one from any one of the northern dialects. The latter is the more probable.

The date of the MS. cannot be determined, but since the development of the French during the Middle Ages was very rapid, it may be approximated with sufficient accuracy by an examination of the forms of the language.

The rhyme of *s* and *z* indicates that it must have been written after the reduction of *ts* to *s*, which took place about the close of the thirteenth century.

The following indications must also be considered, namely:—

1. The declensions are still in force.
2. The suffix *-ece* is used in place of the more modern *-esse*.
3. The plural of *lor* is without *s*.
4. Final *e* has not yet been added to the first person, singular, of the present tense.

Although some of these forms do not disappear until quite late, yet they are rarely found together in the same MS. after the middle of the fourteenth century. I think, therefore, that the beginning of the fourteenth century may be regarded as the most probable date of the composition of the poem, while it may have been copied some years later.

NOTES.

6. The exploits of the knights were commemorated by mural paintings. The *Pas de Saladin* must have been very popular during the Middle Ages, if, as is stated here, representations of it were painted on the walls.
11. The Pope, at the beginning of the third

Crusade, was Clement third and not Lucius. The latter succeeded Alexander third in 1181. He lived but six months in Rome, being driven forth by a rebellion in 1182, and died at Verona, in 1185.

55. The usual form of expression is *prendre terre en lige*; namely, to hold land in fief. *Lige* from the old Frankish *ledig*, is also written with the ending *ie*, and may, therefore, rhyme with *aisier*, in the line below.

69. Heraclius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, at the time of its capture by Saladin, took an active part in the defense of the Kingdom. He clearly foresaw the danger that threatened the Christians in Palestine, and, as early as 1180, journeyed to Europe, in order to preach another Crusade against the Saracens. The accusation made against him by the author probably arose from the fact that he favored the election of the Count of Tripolis to the throne, in place of Guy de Lusignan; but this cannot be construed into an act of treason, for Raymond was the choice not only of the nobles and clergy, but of all the people as well.

73. *Amere* is evidently a mistake of the scribe for *ameri*. As it stands it rhymes with neither the preceding, nor with the following line, although the context shows that there have been no omissions. By omitting *point d'*, which can be done without changing the meaning, the number of syllables will be correct.

76. Both *partant* and *leschans* should be separated into *par tant* and *le champ*.

88. Read *avint* and not *ait vint*.

89. *Avoms* is an older form.

104. *Seur* is the city of Tyre. In line 301, it counts as two syllables.

105. *Fuisent* is an older form for the more regular *fussent* (*De Chev.*, iii, 254).

110. *Cil le rosmere* should be *cil le vos mere*. *Mere*, from *merir*, in connection with the pronoun *le*, formed a stereotyped phrase, and was used to express good will.

138. The Christians of the Middle Ages confused the Saracens with the early Pagans. In the literature of that period, the name of Apollo is often coupled together with that of Mohammed, both being regarded as the gods of the Infidels.

148. The two lines are from the *Lai de l'Oiselet*. The exact quotation is as follows:—

Li proverbes dit en apert :

Cil qui tot convoite tot pert.

(Lines 409-410).

263. The name of Longis is of frequent occurrence in the literature of the Middle Ages, and he is supposed to have been the one who thrust the spear into the side of Christ while on the Cross.

167. *En cel sepulcre* gives a better reading than *et cel sepulcre*.

169. *Ci vesqui* would give a better meaning than *se vesqui*.

216. It would be interesting to know whether *roys*, in lines 216 and 224, is singular, or plural, as it would show whether the declensions were still in force at the time the MS. was written. The form is singular, but the verb is plural, and the rhyme cannot be depended upon to solve the question, as so many of the final consonants are silent. According to the meaning it might refer either to one king, or to both.

232. The line is short unless the imperfect *feroy* be counted as three syllables. The final *e* of the first person, singular, imperfect tense, was retained as late as the fourteenth century.

245. *Messe* and *fistu*, 379, are mistakes of the copyist for *messi* and *festu*.

247. *Avrez*, when in atonic position in the sentence, may lose its *v* and become *arez*. This is not a dialectical peculiarity.

252. *Larrier* should read *l'arrier*, the last.

262. *L'alerent* is incorrect. It should be *s'alerent*, as in line 265.

271. The word *arveit* in this connection has no meaning. M. Sylvestre has corrected it by writing *ariveit*. This will also give the line the required number of syllables.

283. *Tuit* is an adjective agreeing with *conseil*, and should therefore be written *tout*.

297. Godefrey de Bouillon, the celebrated leader of the first Crusade, set out for Palestine in the spring of 1096. Soon after the capture of Jerusalem, he was proclaimed King, but refused to take the title. He died in 1100, and his body was interred near the Holy Sepulchre.

300. *Toche*, from **toccare*; *se tocher de*=to rescue from.

305. The three principal gods of the Infidels were supposed to be Mahon and Apollin,

mentioned before in line 138, and Tervagant.

312. King Malaquin is probably Prince Malek, or Melkin, the only son of the Sultan Nouredin. He succeeded to the throne on the death of the Sultan, in 1174, but did not have the strength, or the power to maintain himself long, and was finally overthrown by Saladin, one of the Emirs of his father.

320. *Passier* is a mistake for *passeir*, or *passer*.

320. The subject of *faite* and *faites*, 317, is the same. It is not unusual in Old French for the pronoun of address to be changed from the singular to the plural, or *vice versa*, even in the same sentence.

327. It cannot be ascertained whether King Escofart is an historical personage, or whether the name is simply a creation of the author. The many different ways in which the name is written; namely, *Escorfaus*, 340, *Escarfaus*, 375, etc., prove that it was unknown to the copyist.

331. The MS. has *ce vachies* written as two words, but there is no doubt that *cevachies* is meant.

336. *Vont*, in the phrase *vont et joiant*, is repeated in the same line; namely, *s'en vont li rois*. This is an unnecessary repetition, and the sense seems to require either an adjective, or a participle.

342. *Averont* is an unusual form for the future, the extra syllable being used on account of the metre.

345. By the twelve *lyepart* are meant of course the knights, they being so called because of the leopards painted on their shields.

361. *Cos* should not be written with a final *s*, nor is it required by the rhyme.

372. As *lors* is a pronoun, the final *s* is incorrect. It was not added to the adjective until the close of the thirteenth century, and in the text *lor*, before a plural noun, is always written without *s*.

465. In line 45, *isnele pas* is written as two words, *isnele pas*, and this is the usual form.

467. The phrase *il clot a la reonde* is a peculiar one. No examples of the verb *clorre* used in this connection are found in the dictionaries.

482. In *Phelippons*, the inflectional *s*, which marks the nominative singular, has been added

to the accusative. The proper names are elsewhere correctly declined.

483. All the lines containing *mesire* have an extra syllable. The correction can easily be made by dropping the first syllable of the word and writing *sire*.

520. In the *Itinerarium* edited by William Stubbs it is stated that Saladin was knighted by the constable Henfrid of Toron.

532. By substituting the verb *oi*, for *os*, a smoother reading would be obtained.

541. *Damete* is incorrectly written for *Damiete*. The latter form is also required by the metre, as the lines 541 and 548 have but seven syllables.

553. *Tous* cannot rhyme with *barons*, but it does not appear that a line has been omitted.

557. By omitting the article *le* before *roi*, the number of syllables will be correct.

599. The *l* of *ceulz* is a late addition, and belongs especially to the fourteenth century.

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COLOR-CHORDS IN THOMSON'S SEASONS.

ALL critics have noticed the opulence of color in Thomson's *Seasons* and its almost unerring accuracy. He rarely misses the color except in his use of "brown" for purple-gray to designate the shades of evening or shadows of forests: and this is probably not a defect in perception, but in nomenclature.

In a recent reading of the *Seasons*, I amused myself with noting the chords of color which occur, noting only those whose combination he emphasises and either directly names or distinctly indicates. The scale of colors in his description of the rainbow, and the list of flowers of all hues in a garden, I omit, as passing beyond the limits of a chord. As the

matter may have some infinitesimal interest as connected with the revival of polychromatism in our literature at the end of the eighteenth century, I subjoin my notes.

Green, white, and pink. Fresh-sprung grass and hawthorn blossoms.

Green and golden yellow. Setting sunlight on grass.

Deep brown and white. Peat-stained streams with foam.

White, yellow and purple. Lilies of the valley with cowslips and violets.

Green, purple (or gray) and white. Foaming waters among mossy rocks.

Rose, yellow, white and gray. The dawn breaking through light clouds.

Rose and green. Blush-roses on grass.

Gray-brown and green. Ridges of hay on grass.

Gray, blue and white. A wide stream breaking over rocks.

Blue, yellow, and yellow green. Clear sky after rain, with low sunlight on grass.

Green, yellow, and yellowish gray. Woods, harvest-fields, and flocks of sheep.

Green and various browns deepening to black. Autumn leaves. (We must understand by "black" a very dark brown. Elsewhere he speaks of autumn leaves as "yellow," but does not recognise any scarlet or crimson in them.)

White and blue (or gray-blue). Snow with expanses of smooth ice.

Black and blue (or gray blue). Rocks rising through a frozen sea.

I have not noted the relative frequency with which he employs single colors, but there seems to me a marked deficiency of pure red and scarlet, nor is orange (I think) mentioned.

Instances of false color are, the full moon breaking through "the crimsoned east," and the full moon, when night is far advanced, riding through "the pure cerulean;" unless by "pure cerulean" we are to understand simply dark transparent sky.

I have noted also one remarkable mistake for so accurate an observer of nature. Just after sunset,

"—— rising slow,
Blank in the leaden-coloured east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns."

Only a full moon can rise as the sun sets, and the phenomenon to which he refers is seen only with a new moon, which, of course, is in the west at sunset.

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BACON AND PLUTARCH.

It is well known that Bacon was indebted to others for a large number of the thoughts which are found in his *Essays*. Just how great are his obligations has never been shown and it would be an interesting study to trace his sources one after the other. Among those most frequently quoted in the *Essays* is Plutarch. A number of such quotations have been pointed out by Wright in his invaluable edition of the great essayist in the Golden Treasury series. But neither Wright nor any one else has noted all the passages in which Bacon was indebted to the author of the famous *Lives* and *Morals*. The following sources of Bacon's allusions are in addition to those given in the editions of the *Essays* by Wright and Abbott. The references are made by page to Wright's edition of Bacon's *Essays*, and by volume and page to Clough's translation of Plutarch's *Lives*, and to Goodwin's translation of the *Morals*. It is but right to say that the study was suggested by Professor O. F. Emerson of Western Reserve University, and was carried on under his direction.

We read, after Otho the Emperour had slain himselfe, Pitty (which is the tenderest of Affections) provoked many to die, out of meere compassion to their Sovereigne, and as the truest sort of Followers.—*Of Death*, Wr. p. 6.

There were some who, after putting their torches to the pile, slew themselves, though they had not, so far as appeared, either any particular obligations to the dead, or reason to apprehend ill usage from the victor.—*Lives*, v, 505.

Galba [died] with a Sentence; *Feri, si ex re sit populi Romani*: Holding forth his Necke.—*Of Death*, Wr. p. 6.

He [Galba], however, offered his throat, bidding them, "Strike, if it be for the Romans' good."—*Lives*, v, 483.

We see likewise, the Scripture calleth Envy, An Evil Eye.¹ The Times, when the

¹ Evil eye is used in this sense in the *Bible*, See Prov. 23, 6 and Matt. 20, 15.

Stroke, or Percussion of an Envious Eye doth most hurt, are, when the Party envied is beheld in Glory, or Triumph; For that sets an Edge upon Envy.—*Of Envy*, Wr. p. 29.

It [envy] becomes infinite, and, like an evil or diseased eye, is offended with everything that is bright. . . . Envy has only one object, the felicity of others.—*Morals*, ii, 95-96.

Neare Kinsfolks, and Fellowes in Office, and those that have been bred together, are more apt to envy their equalls when they are raised.—*Of Envy*, Wr. p. 31.

Many envy their familiars and Kinsfolk.—*Morals*, ii, 99.

Envy is as the Sunne Beames, that beat hotter upon a Bank or steepe, rising Ground; then upon a Flat.—*Of Envy*, Wr. p. 32.

But as the sun, where he passes highest and sends down his beams most directly, has none or very little shadow, so they who are exalted to the meridian of fortune, shining aloof over the head of envy, have scarce anything of their brightness eclipsed.—*Morals*, ii, 98.

Pitty, ever healeth Envy.—*Of Envy*, Wr. p. 32.

Misfortunes cause envy to cease. . . . None envy the distressed.—*Morals*, ii, 98.

As we said in the beginning, that the Act of Envy, had somewhat in it, of Witchcraft; so there is no other Cure of Envy, but the Cure of Witchcraft.—*Of Envy*, Wr. p. 33.

Now when men thus perverted by envy fix their eyes upon another, and these being nearest to the soul easily draw the venom from it, and send out, as it were, poisoned darts, it is no wonder in my mind, if he that is looked upon is hurt.—*Morals*, iii, 330.

And, therefore, people imagine that those amulets that are preservative against Witchcraft are likewise good and efficacious against envy.—*Morals*, iii, 330.

It [envy] is also the vilest Affection, and the most depraved.—*Of Envy*, Wr. p. 35.

Envy in all other instances carries this pretence with it, that it is to be referred to the most depraved and ungovernable affections of the mind.—*Morals*, i, 446.

Men will deny the envy; and, when it is alleged, will feign a thousand excuses, pretending they were angry, or that they feared or hated the person, cloaking envy with the name of any passion they can think of, and concealing it as the most loathsome sickness of the soul.—*Morals*, ii, 97.

There was never a proud man thought so absurdly well of Himselfe, as the Lover doth of the Person loved.—*Of Love*, Wr. p. 37.

But, as Plato repeats once and again, the lover cannot see the faults of the thing or person that he loves.—*Morals*, i, 297.

Whosoever esteemeth too much of Amorous Affection, quitteth both Riches and Wisedome.—*Of Love*, Wr. p. 37.

He that was a sordid miser before, falling

once in love becomes liberal and lofty-minded, his covetous and pinching humor being mollified by love, like iron in the fire, so that he is more pleased with being liberal to the objects of his love, than before delighted to receive from others.—*Morals*, iv, 288.

I know not how, but Martiall Men are given to Love.—*Of Love*, Wr. p. 38.

Consider also what vast power love has over martial men and warriors.—*Morals*, iv, 283.

We find the most warlike of nations are most addicted to love.—*Morals*, iv, 286.

Men in Great Place are thrice Servants; Servants of the Sovereigne or State; Servants of Fame; Servants of Businesse. So as they have no Freedome, neither in their Persons; nor in their Actions; nor in their Times.—*Of Great Place*, Wr. p. 39.

This is indeed the true condition of men in public life, who, to gain the vain title of being the people's leaders and governors, are content to make themselves the slaves and followers of all the people's humors and caprices. . . .

These men, steered, as I may say by the popular applause, though they bear the name of governors, are in reality the mere underlings of the multitude.—*Lives*, iv, 445-6.

Retire, Men cannot when they would.—*Of Great Place*, Wr. p. 39.

Many also, having been by chance engaged in the negotiations of the Commonweal, and being cloyed with them, cannot yet easily quit them.—*Morals*, v, 98.

Neglect not also the Examples of those, that have carried themselves ill, in the same Place; Not to set off thy selfe, by taxing their Memory; but to direct thy selfe, what to avoid.—*Of Great Place*, Wr. p. 41.

We may I think avail ourselves of the cases of those who have fallen into indiscretions, and have in high stations, made themselves conspicuous for misconduct.—*Lives*, v, 96.

Embrace and invite Helps and Advices touching the Execution of thy Place.—*Of Great Place*, Wr. p. 41.

Now he that begins to enter upon the administration of state affairs, should choose himself a guide, who is not only a man of credit and authority, but is also such for his virtue.—*Morals*, v, 115.

If thou have Colleagues, respect them, and rather call them when they looke not for it than exclude them when they have reason to looke to be called.—*Of Great Place*, Wr. p. 43.

Agesilaus took another course. Instead of contending with them, he courted them; In all proceedings he commenced by taking their advice, was always ready to go, nay almost run, when they called him . . . Thus whilst he made a show of deference to them and of a desire to extend their power, he secretly advanced his own.—*Lives*, iv, 4.

Galba undid himselfe by that Speech; *Legi a se Militem, non emi*: For it put the Soul-

diers, out of Hope, of the Donative.—*Of Seditions and Troubles*, Wr. p. 62.

Galba, on hearing they began to complain, declared greatly, and like a general, that he was used to enlist and not to buy his soldiers; when they heard of this they conceived an implacable hatred against him; for he did not seem to defraud them merely himself in their present expectations, but to give an ill precedent, and instruct his successors to do the like.—*Lives*, v, 473.

It were better to have no Opinion of God at all; than such an Opinion, as is unworthy of him.—*Of Superstition*, Wr. p. 68.

Is he that holds there is no God guilty of impiety, and is not he that describes him as the superstitious do, much more guilty?—*Morals*, i, 179.

The atheist is not at all, and the superstitious is perversely, affected with the thoughts of God; ignorance depriving the one of the sense of his goodness, and superadding to the other a persuasion of his cruelty.—*Morals*, i, 169.²

There is a Superstition, in avoiding Superstition; when Men think to doe best if they go furthest from Superstition formerly received; Therefore, care would be had, that the Good be not taken with the Bad.—*Of Superstition*, Wr. p. 70.

It behooves us therefore to do our utmost to escape it; but withal we must see we do it safely and prudently and not rashly and inconsiderately. . . . For so some, while they would avoid superstition, leap over the golden mean of true piety into the harsh and coarse extreme of atheism.—*Morals*, i, 183-4.

To speake now of the true Temper of Empire; It is a thing rare, and hard to keep. . . . Nothing destroyeth Authority so much, as the unequall and untimely Enterchange of Power Pressed too farre, and Relaxed too much.—*Of Empire*, Wr. p. 76.

If the motions of rulers be constantly opposite and cross to the tempers and inclinations of the people, they will be resented as arbitrary and harsh; as, on the other side, too much deference, or encouragment, as too often it has been, to popular faults and errors, is full of danger and ruinous consequences. . . . It is a nice point and extremely difficult, so to temper this lenity as to preserve the authority of the government.—*Lives*, iv, 331.

Let men beware, how they neglect, and suffer Matter of Trouble to be prepared: For no Man can forbid the Sparke, nor tell whence it may come.—*Of Empire*, Wr. p. 77.

When his power at last was established and not to be overthrown, and now openly tended to the altering of the whole constitution, they were aware too late, that there is no beginning so mean, which continued application will not

² See also *Morals*, i, 174.

make considerable, and that despising a danger at first will make it at last irresistible.—*Lives*, iv, 259.

It is good to commit the Beginnings of all great Actions to Argos with his hundred Eyes; And Ends to Briareus with his hundred Hands.—*Of Delays*, Wr. p. 90.

It is almost the same thing, as if one maimed and blind should appear solicitous lest like Briareus he may chance to be furnished with a hundred hands and become all over eyes like Argus.—*Morals*, i, 464.

It is right Earth. For that onely stands fast upon his owne Center; Whereas all Things, that have Affinity with the Heavens, move upon the Center of another, which they benefit.—*Of Wisdom for a Man's Self*, Wr. p. 96.

The disciples of Thales say that the earth is the centre of the universe.—*Morals*, iii, 155.

It were good, therefore, that men in their Innovations, would follow the Example of Time itselfe; which indeed Innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees, scarce to be perceived.—*Of Innovations*, Wr. p. 100.

We are not to attempt innovations on every light and trivial occasion; but only in cases of necessity.—*Morals*, v, 139.

A Naturall and Secret Hatred, and Aversion towards Society, in any Man, hath somewhat of the Savage Beast; but it is most Untrue, that it should have any character, at all, of the Divine Nature; except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in Solitude, but out of a love and desire, to sequester a Mans Selfe for a Higher Conversation: Such as is found, to have been falsely and fainedly, in some of the Heathen; As Epemenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana.—*Of Friendship*, Wr. p. 106.

Numa, leaving the conversation of the town, betook himself to a country life and in a solitary manner frequented the groves and fields consecrated to the gods, passing his life in desert places.—*Lives* i, 131.

There is no absurdity in the account also given, that Lycurgus and Numa, and other famous lawgivers, having the task of subduing perverse and refractory multitudes, and of introducing great innovations, themselves made this pretension to divine authority, which, if not true, assuredly was expedient for the interests of those it imposed upon.—*Lives*, i, 133.

Man by nature is not a wild or unsocial creature . . . he is civilized and grows gentle by a change of place, occupation, and manner of life, as beasts themselves that are wild by nature become tame and tractable by housing and gentler usage.—*Lives*, iv, 84.

It was a sparing Speech of the Ancients to say that a Friend is another Himselfe. For that a Friend is farre more then Himselfe.—*Of Friendship*, Wr. p. 114.

That we usually esteem a friend another self

call him *ἑταῖρος*, as much as to say, *ἑταῖρος*, is a convincing argument that the number two is the adequate and complete measure of friendship.—*Morals*, i, 465.

After these two Noble Fruits of Friendship . . . followeth the last Fruit which is like the Pomgranat, full of many kernels; I meane Aid, and Bearing a Part, in all Actions, and Occasions.—*Of Friendship*, Wr. p. 114.

There are chiefly these requisites to a true friendship; virtue, as a thing lovely and desirable; familiarity, as pleasant; and advantage, as necessary. For we must first choose a friend upon a right judgment made of his excellent qualities; having chosen him, we must perceive a pleasure in his conversation, and upon occasion he must be useful to us in our concerns.—*Morals*, i, 467.

The Spartans were a nice People in point of Naturalization; whereby while they kept their Compasse they stood firme.—*Of Greatness of Kingdoms*, Wr. p. 123.

They expelled all strangers from Sparta, lest they should insinuate their vices and their folly into the affections of the people.—*Morals*, i, 93.

A Mans owne Observation, what he findes Good of, and what he findes Hurt of, is the best Physicke to preserve Health.—*Of Regiment of Health*, Wr. p. 131.

Every man ought to have skill in his own pulse, for it is very different in every man; neither ought he to be ignorant of the temper of his own body, as to heat and cold, or what things do him good and what hurt.—*Morals*, i, 277.

If you Flie Physicke in Health altogether, it will be too strange for your Body, when you shall need it.—*Of Regiment of Health*, Wr. p. 132.

Touching the food allowed the sick, which he advises us sometimes both to touch and taste when we are in good health, that so we may be used to it and not be shy of it like little children, or hate such a diet, but by degrees make it natural and familiar to our appetite, that in our sickness we may not nauseate wholesome diet, as if it were physic, nor be uneasy when we are prescribed any insipid thing.—*Morals*, i, 253.

I commend rather some Diet, for certaine Seasons, then frequent Use of Physicke, except it be grown into a Custome. For these Diets alter the Body more, and trouble it lesse.—*Of Regiment of Health*, Wr. p. 132.

It is best therefore by a moderate and regular diet to keep our body in order, so that it may command itself as to fulness or emptiness.—*Morals*, i, 273-4.

Speach of a Mans Selfe ought to be seldome, and well chosen.—*Of Discourse*, Wr. p. 137.

As it is one of the rules of health to avoid dangerous and unwholesome places, or being in them to take the greater care, so ought there to be a like rule concerning converse

and speaking of oneself.—*Morals*, ii, 322.

Of great Riches there is no Reall Use, except it be in the Distribution. The rest is but Conceit.—*Of Riches*, Wr. p. 144.

Riches ought to be proportioned to the use we have of them.—*Lives*, ii, 357.

Ambition is like Choler; which is an Humour, that maketh Men Active, Earnest, Full of Alacritie, and Stirring, if it be not stopped. But if it be stopped, and cannot have his Way, it becommeth Adust, and thereby Maligne and Venomous.—*Of Ambition*, Wr. p. 153.

Ambition, on the contrary, is hard-hearted and the greatest fomentor of envy.—*Lives*, ii, 358.

So unsocial and wild-beast-like is the nature of ambition and cupidity.—*Lives*, iii, 10.

Neither is the Ancient Rule amisse, to bend Nature, as a Wand, to a Contrary Extreme, whereby to set it right.—*Of Nature in Men*, Wr. p. 160.

Thus by bending the other way and moving contrary to the passion, he kept himself from falling or being worsted.—*Morals*, i, 38.

The Lads of Sparta, of Ancient Time, were wont to be scourged upon the Altar of Diana, without so much as Queching.—*Of Custom and Education*, Wr. p. 163.

There was indeed a strange and unnatural custom amongst them, annually observed at the celebration of the bloody rites of Diana Orthia, where there was a certain number of children not only of the vulgar sort, but of the gentry and nobility, who were whipped almost to death with rods before the altar of the goddess.—*Morals*, i, 98.

Custome is the Principall Magistrate of Mans Life.—*Of Custom and Education*, Wr. p. 163.

So far is that which labor effects, though against nature, more potent than what is produced according to it.—*Morals*, i, 6.

Custome is most perfect when it beginneth in Young Yeares.—*Of Custom and Education*, Wr. p. 163.

Childhood is a tender thing, and easily wrought into any shape. Yea, and the very souls of children readily receive the impressions of those things that are dropped into them while they are yet but soft; but when they grow older, they will, as all hard things are, be more difficult to be wrought upon.—*Morals*, i, 8.

The Way of Fortune, is like the Milken Way in the Skie; which is a Meeting or Knot, of a Number of Small Stars; Not Seene asunder, but Giving Light together.—*Of Custom and Education*, Wr. p. 166.

It [Milken Way] is the coalition of many small bodies, which, being firmly united amongst themselves, do mutually enlighten one another.—*Morals*, iii, 149.

All Wise Men, to decline the Envy of their owne vertues, use to ascribe them to Providence and Fortune.—*Of Custom and Educa-*

tion, Wr. p. 166.

Now those who are forced upon their own praises are the more excusable, if they arrogate not the causes wholly to themselves, but ascribe them in part to Fortune and in part to God.—*Morals*, ii, 313.

Certainly, it is good to compound Employments of both; For that will be good for the Present, because the Vertues of either Age, may correct the Defects of both.—*Of Youth and Age*, Wr. p. 174.

That city is most secure, where the counsels of the old and the powers of the young bear sway.—*Morals*, v, 78.

There be some have an Over-early Ripenesse in their yeares, which fadeth betimes.—*Of Youth and Age*, Wr. p. 175.

It may be observed, in general, that when young men arrive early at fame and repute, if they are of a nature but slightly touched with emulation, this early attainment is apt to extinguish their thirst and satiate their small appetite.—*Lives*, ii, 55.

Neither is it almost seene, that very Beautifull Persons, are otherwise of great Vertue; . . . But this holds not alwaies: For Augustus Caesar, Titus Vespasianus, Philip le Belle of France, Edward the Fourth of England, Alcibides of Athens, Ismael the Sophy of Persia, were all High and Great Spirits; And yet, the most Beautifull Men of their Times.—*Of Beauty*, Wr. p. 176.

The affection which Socrates entertained for him [Alcibiades] is a great evidence of the natural noble qualities and good disposition of the boy, which Socrates, indeed detected both in and under his personal beauty.—*Lives*, ii, 4.

As the Faction, betweene Lucullus, and the Rest of the Nobles of the Senate, held out awhile, against the Faction of Pompey and Caesar: But when the Senates Authority was pulled Downe, Caesar and Pompey soone after brake.—*Of Faction*, Wr. p. 208.

So Caesar, after Pompey's aid had made him strong enough to defy his country, ruined the power which had availed him against the rest.—*Lives*, iv, 107-8.

If he be an Impudent Flatterer, look wherein a Man is Conscious to himselfe, that he is most Defective, and is most out of countenance in himselfe, that will the Flatterer Entitle him to perforce.—*Of Praise*, Wr. p. 214.

There remains one [artifice] of a most dangerous consequence to weak men, and that is when a flatterer fastens upon them those vices which are directly contrary to those they are really guilty of.—*Morals*, ii, 126.

Anger must be limited, and confined, both in Race, and in Time.—*Of Anger*, Wr. p. 228.

There is no other way, but to Meditate and Ruminare well, upon the Effects of Anger, how it troubles Mans Life. And the best Time, to doe this, is, to looke backe upon Anger, when the Fitt is thoroughly over.—*Of*

Anger, p. 228.

Whosoever is out of Patience, is out of Possession of his soule.—*Of Anger*, Wr. p. 228-9.

It [anger] absolutely turns the mind out of doors, and bolts the door against it.—*Morals*, i, 35.

Anger, as some are of opinion, is next neighbor to madness.—*Morals*, iv, 224.

Anger, according to that of Melanthius,

"Quite from the brain transplants the wit,
Vile acts designing to commit."—

Morals, iv, 147.

In all Refrainings of Anger, it is the best Remedy to win Time.—*Of Anger*, Wr. p. 229.

The best course then is for a man to compose himself, or else run away and hide himself . . . as if he perceived a fit of epilepsy coming on.—*Morals*, i, 39.

Time gives a breathing space unto passion, and a delay which mitigates and dissolves it.—*Morals*, i, 48-9.

Anger is certainly a Kinde of Baseness; As it appears well, in the Weaknesse of those Subjects in whom it reignes: Children, Women, Old Folkes, Sicke Folkes.—*Of Anger*, Wr. p. 229.

In the softest souls the giving way to a passion for hurting others, like a stroke on the soul, doth make it to swell with anger; and all the more, the greater is its weakness. For this cause it is that women are more apt to be angry than men are, and sick persons than the healthful, and old men than those who are in their perfect age and strength.—*Morals*, i, 43.

The Causes and Motives of Anger, are chiefly three. . . . The next is, the Apprehension and Construction of the Injury offered, to be, in the Circumstances thereof, full of contempt.—*Of Anger*, Wr. p. 229.

Divers men fall into anger for different causes; and yet in the minds of all of them was probably an opinion of having been despised and neglected.—*Morals*, i, 50.

The other [remedy] is, to sever, as much as may be, the Construction of the Injury, from the Point of Contempt; Imputing it, to Misunderstanding, Feare, Passion, or what you will.—*Of Anger*, Wr. p. 230.

We must therefore assist those who would avoid anger, by removing the act which roused their anger as far as possible from all suspicion of contempt or insult, and by imputing it rather to folly or necessity or disorder of mind, or to the misadventure of those that did it.—*Morals*, i, 50-1.

It may be Plato's great yeare, if the World should last so long, would have some Effect.—*Of Vicissitudes of Things*, Wr. p. 233.

As to the great year, some make it to consist of eight years solar, some of nineteen, others of fifty-nine.—*Morals*, iii, 148.

Julius Caesar took Pompey unprovided, and

layed asleep his industry, and preparations by a Fame that he cunningly gave out; How Caesars own Souldiers loved him not; And being wearied with the Wars, and Laden with the spoyles of Gaul, would forsake him as he came into Italy.—*Of Fame*, Wr. p. 240.

Appius, under whose command those legions which Pompey lent to Caesar were returned, coming lately out of Gaul, spoke slightly of Caesar's actions there, and spread scandalous reports about him, at the same time telling Pompey that he was unacquainted with his own strength and reputation, if he made use of any other forces against Caesar than Caesar's own; for such was the soldiers, hatred to Caesar, and their love to Pompey so great, that they would all come over to him upon his first appearance.—*Lives*, iv, 123.

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LE THÉÂTRE LIBRE.

It is accepted by most people, as an established conclusion, that the literature of any period is an index of the cast of thought predominating the epoch. This literary statute is, in the main, well grounded, but it is not inflexible. When the intellectual life of a people is confined in its fruitage to a restricted class, subjected to the same set of influences, the question will arise, with some excuse, whether the work of a part is to be accepted as characteristic of the whole, or whether it is not rather to be regarded as an idiosyncrasy of a particular clique. It is with this cautionary remark that I approach the subject of the Théâtre Libre, as a phase of dramatic workmanship, belonging to this last decade in France, an offshoot of the artistic impulse attendant upon the final throes of the century.

The prevailing tendency of French thought during the past twenty years has obtruded itself on the most cursory observation, and the thinking men of the century, who still hold to high intellectual standards and the necessity for moral cleanliness, are endeavoring with some uneasiness to analyze the condition so as to arrive at the actuating cause, and apply the needed check, to an incontrovertibly downward course. A cruel pessimism is choking all forms of higher emotion, chilling aspiration, and with the icy breath of scientific doubt destroying faith in the unseen and eternal. But in noting this paralyzing influence in its

various operations, one is pleased to remember that this has not always been the tenor of the French nature. As the names brilliant in art and letters pass in review before us we remark much that is questionable, much that is frivolous, much that is irreverent, much that is Godless, but of this modern leaden-weighted philosophy, there is but a feeble suggestion. Not until Chateaubriand is there any distinct trace of this sombre disposition.

In the travail of soul which René suffers, and in the fascinating melancholy engendered thence, and assumed by the youth of France as their peculiar prerogative, may be seen the light passing cloud, to-day grown wonderously low and heavy, and shutting out all illumination that is not of the earth, earthy. But the deeper tones of thought in those days always sounded clear. Many were the great minds enrolled by the Church in active service, to tilt with the advocates of Bacon, Locke, and Voltaire, but whatever may have been their notions on the subject of the Trinity, or whatever their theories concerning the origin of the human understanding, they all held most stoutly that nature was made for man, that the operation of her laws is beneficent and the fulfilment of her purposes kindly.

So, too, the lyric lyre may sigh sadly, at times, under the hysterical touch of a Lamartine or de Musset, or even Victor Hugo, but these poets were by no means intrinsically pessimists, and their strain soared afresh after the temporary depression, expanding into a glad outburst, that still thrills the heart with suggestions of perfectness. These extremes of emotion are intelligible as fluctuations of poetic feeling, and quite different from the dead-level of despair adopted as the artistic shibboleth of to-day.

This latter is a factitious dogma extraneous to the individual, enveloping, and darkening, every impulse like a poisonous miasma. Religion offers no refuge against it and furnishes no tribunal of appeal, for who believes in any God and, therefore, why pray? Science declares that all processes of nature are without intelligence, controlled by law, and incapable of variation. Why then implore a blind force? There is no evasion of the inevitable.

Passiveness is the best, the only course open to unfortunate mortals, since this promises the least effort, the least pain, the least disappointment. The highest wisdom is to live as easily as possible, and to anticipate annihilation in death, reception again into the all-enfolding embrace of nothingness.

As might be expected, this principle of living is revealed in the literature of the day. No pure high-soaring lyric genius has lifted the eye upward since Charles Baudelaire made the air deadly with the gorgeous, but unhealthy blossoms of his imagination. Never has such perfection been attained, however, in the fashioning material. The more poetry has lacked the divine lightness within, the greater pains have been lavished on form. The Parnassian School has well-nigh absorbed the verse-making talent of France, and yet Heredia, Sully-Prudhomme, and Leconte de Lisle, by that very ultra-refinement, which is their boast, are without any far-reaching influence upon their generation.

In the novel and short story, this baleful system of philosophy is revealed in more pronounced shape, coming before us as the naturalism of current writing. Most readers have become reconciled, or at least resigned, to this sort of uninspired manifestation. It is regarded as an excrescence, which will probably pass away with the life of its arch-priest, whose uncertain literary position is evidenced by his repeated failures to obtain a fauteuil in the French Academy. The Goncourts and Maupassant, however, are almost at even pace with Zola, and many younger disciples such as Alexis, Margueritte, and Metenier, having come to censure, remain to praise; having yielded to the fascination of the repulsive and unpublished, have burned that which they had worshipped, and worshipped that which they had despised. But it is rather startling to discover that the notorious apostles of naturalism seem about to be distanced by the gleaners of the after-math in this rank field. With these ambitious proselytes, naturalism has passed too frequently into vulgarity. Mere grossness *per se* is, in their view, alone worth recording; that reserve of feeling, and lightness of touch, inseparable from true art is cast aside, and the evidence of genius,

believed to consist in an unflinching and minute diagnosis of moral deformity or animal indulgence, conceived as more closely allied to nature than her more pleasing phases.

What now is the condition of the theatre in this surcharged moral atmosphere? The answer to this question touches our estimate of how far pessimistic ideas have tintured the mind of France, and to what extent their realization in art-forms holds the popular taste, since it can only be a reflection of this popular feeling which will maintain its place on the stage without revulsion to those who find therein relaxation and amusement. It is somewhat surprising to find that the plays recently brought out in Paris are less imbued with the spirit of which I have been speaking than other art productions, and, consequently, follow less rigidly the tenets of the Zola School. It will be pertinent to examine the reason for this resistance to the new impulse.

The naturalistic genius lacks essentially dramatic feeling. It excels in the accumulation of incidents and paints confusion with a masterly hand. It views the experiences of life as it were microscopically, considering nothing too insignificant for observation, and recording detail with scientific accuracy. This gift of seeing seems at first an evidence of power, but is in reality fatal to it. By constant close scrutiny, strength of grasp is lost and the mind becomes too nearsighted to discover the relativity of motives and affairs. A constructive principle is abandoned for the "tyranny of particulars."

This method of treatment is directly opposed to dramatic action in the classical acceptance of the term. In this detail is illogical. Everything must stand boldly in relief and be compressed within a limited time. There is no place in its rapid condensed movement for the minute description with which the novel may wander through pages of closely printed type. All matter which does not bear directly on the main interest of the plot or retards its required development, must be brushed aside. The insignificant routine of everyday life is rubbish to the dramatic artist, and the dreary platitudes which are the outgrowth of the naturalist's creed are utterly worthless for his strong lights and shades. The naturalist

maintains, however, in the defense of his theory that this view of dramatic action is incompatible with truth, and should be superseded by a worthier method. Whatever is false is to be rigorously shunned as fostering a vitiated taste and misleading notions of life. The true always compels interest, and any story, or fragment of human experience carefully related on the stage, with its surroundings exactly reproduced, can and will hold the attention of the public. This argument ignores the distinction between the novel and drama, wiping out the tradition of centuries with an easy assumption. The novel follows the career of its actors with deliberation, scrutinizing motives and impulses minutely, and unfolding character gradually through inherent tendencies, the influence of association and the play of circumstances. The drama flashes upon us the decisive moments of life wherein are focused its springs of action, the prominent headlands of conduct, as it were, in which character is epitomized. These crises are no less true to nature than particularity of incident and they are vastly more absorbing in interest to the general mind.

Again, this plea for truth confuses the actual and the real, that is, the outward phenomena and circumstances of this world, with the moulding spirit, or informing idea of the same. The former, with which the disciple of naturalism deals may or may not be true, the latter is absolutely so, at all times and under all circumstances. But even concede all that this school assumes on the side of truth, and admit the claims upon the superior interest excited by their method of workmanship, there is still question as to how far the stage will tolerate their philosophy, or sympathize with their treatment of dramatic subjects. Why is it that the worst side of life is always dwelt upon by these writers. Is there nothing but evil in their horizon? Does nothing spring from love but adultery, and are the throes of travail the only privilege of maternity. Although a presentation of this aspect of society must of necessity prove attractive to a certain rude class, under the dominance of vicious appetite, yet the mass of the public who find their recreation in the theatre, take no pleasure in such highly spiced diet, and revolt from sights and

expressions which possess for them no flavor of romance.

The rise and consideration of these new theories, however, could hardly be without some influence on dramatic art, and gradually a spirit of restlessness developed through the press and world of critics. About ten years ago the complaint was heard that the theatre in France was growing lifeless, and conventional. Precedent, it was urged, sapped the life of each attempt at originality, and the effete traditions of dramatic compositions were chilling all effort on the part of the younger generation at fresh themes and novel treatment. It was, indeed, undeniable that playgoers were tired of hearing the same dialogues, explaining the same situations. The most resigned did not attempt to conceal the pleasure they felt in anticipating a day when untrammelled conceptions should take the place of reworked material and classic revivals. These presumably would embody the experiences of contemporary humanity, substituting for the chimerical adventures of the stereotyped hero, the sorrows, struggles, and joys with which we are all familiar.

With the new articles of faith sounding in the air, and the results of these teachings revealed in the novel and plastic arts, it was easy to formulate beforehand the canons by which the new dramatic literature would be regulated.

It must be rational, receiving inspiration solely from the reality of actions, and striving to reproduce them in their simplicity.

It must endow its characters with ideas suited to their moral and social development.

It must show them busied with the ordinary occupations of life, and in spite of the temptation of passion, submitting to the flat banality of the struggle for existence.

There must be no improbable combination of incidents hastening towards a factitious denouement such as had served for the conclusion of the artificial play.

The new literature for the stage would become popular in obedience to that law which compels the author to enlarge his field by an appeal to the prejudices and foibles of his audience, and in this age of rampant democracy the type annointed to this end will be of

the people and usually of the people in its most depraved condition. Such were the only tenets possible for this new departure, and such in fact were the guiding principles of the school of writers created by the circumstances we have mentioned. The public taste, however, was as yet too unaccustomed to such vagaries on the stage, and the writers met with but little favor. They could not even obtain a hearing, as no manager would risk his reputation with the loss of patronage, by bringing out such erratic compositions. Genius, however, was not to rot for lack of publicity, and a man was raised up who should hold out a helping hand to youthful aspirants and prove the value of the new dramatic school.

Léonard André Antoine was born in Limoges in 1858. From a mere lad he developed an almost insane love of the theatre and scenic representation, hoarding every sou that fell in his way in order to indulge himself in the blissful enchantment which he experienced before the footlights. When he was thirteen, his parents moved to Paris and, as the family income was scant, he began at that early age to earn his own living, obtaining employment in the same gas company in which his father was working. But ever impelled by his ruling passion, he haunted the play-houses and found time to attend a school of elocution called "Gymnase de la Parole." Here he met a kindred spirit, a youth of his own age named Wisteriaux, now known under his actor's pseudonym of Mevisto. Animated by the same idea, the two young men rapidly committed to memory every classical rôle, perfecting themselves as far as possible in delivery, and presented themselves for examination at the Conservatory. Mevisto was admitted, but Antoine, greatly to his chagrin, failed to give satisfaction. In spite of his attempts to influence Got, the dictator of the Comédie Française, who held the casting vote, he was decidedly rejected. The purpose of the young enthusiast, however, never wavered. Thrown back upon himself, and, as we may infer, irritated at this check upon his histrionic ambition, the scheme gradually took shape in his mind of working independently, being his own manager, and bringing out unknown plays

for the direct judgment of the public. With this in view he associated himself with the Cercle Gaulois, an amateur theatrical club in the "Passage de l'Elysée des beaux Arts."

In the *Figaro* of the twelfth of March, 1888, appeared the following brief notice:

"A most unique performance of four unpublished plays is to be shortly given; namely, *Jacques Damour*, a drama in one act by M. Leon Hennequin, founded upon a novel of M. Zola; *Mlle. Pomme*, a farce in one act by Duranty and Paul Alexis; and *Le Sous-préfet*, a drama in one act by M. Arthur Byl; also *La Cocarde*, a comedy in one act by M. Jules Vidal. The plays will be produced as soon as they have been sufficiently rehearsed, doubtless before the end of the month. The actors are members of the Cercle Gaulois and of the Cercle La Butte, together with several artists from the different theatres. If this effort succeeds (and the projector and organizer of the plan, M. Antoine, is taking great pains to ensure success), similar attempts will be made to enable young authors to form a notion of the value of their productions, not by presenting their plays to managers in manuscript, but by a sort of living evidence."

This did not take the public altogether by surprise, since there had been in the past several adventures in the direction of an unconventional and regenerate drama. *La Tour d'Auvergne*, in the eighteenth century, made some desultory experiments in a private way towards this end, and Fernand Samuel, some years later, started out with the same project, which brought him much valuable experience and finally left him the successful director of the Théâtre de la Renaissance, with his radical notions in regard to the stage discreetly repressed. The influential journalists of the city had been notified by M. Antoine that the inauguration of the Théâtre Libre, as it was now designated, would take place on the 30th. of March, 1888, but the response from the press was not encouraging. Fortunately M. de Lapommeraye and Henri Fouquier, who had at some risk found their way through the boisterous alleys of Montmartre to the end of the dark little passage of the "Elysée des Beaux Arts," gave to the undertaking a generous literary baptism.

The results of the evening fully equalled the anticipation of the manager and his coadjutors.

The play "*Jacques Damour*," by Hennequin, which M. Porel of the Odéon had recently re-

jected, was enthusiastically received by the limited audience, and Porel himself, convinced of his mistaken judgment, purchased the right of production on the spot. A second evening was speedily arranged for, in the following month, and the program carefully selected.

By this time a report of a new thing had gone abroad over Paris and the performance of "*La Nuit Bergamesque*," by E. Bergerat and "*En Famille*" by O. Metenier, was greeted by one of the most brilliant houses that the city had seen during the season. The Théâtre Libre had now received its letters of naturalization from the Parisian world. M. Antoine feeling his enterprise assured, gave up all other employment, and devoted his entire time to the practical interests of his pet project. He drew up a prospectus for the coming season upon a carefully matured plan and submitted it to the public. The intention, as stated, was to give at each performance one play by an author of recognized position, thereby securing the countenance of critics, and the presence of those whose judgment was to be respected. Along with this *pièce de résistance* would be introduced two or three plays from young and unknown writers who, in this wise, could secure a hearing before the supreme tribunal, receive its sentence, and profit by its expression of opinion. The reception accorded this leaflet was most cordial, and congratulations fluttered in, signed by such names as Ed. de Goncourt, E. Zola, A. Daudet, F. Coppée, Th. de Banville, Henri Becque, A. Dumas, E. Bergerat, J. Richepin, Got, Coquelin Cadet, S. Mallarmé, Catulle Mendès, F. Sarcey, H. Fouquier, De Lapommeraye, A. Vitù, Puvis de Chavannes. The artist world of Paris showed warm interest in the enterprise, and lent its support to what seemed an effort towards grasping a higher conception of dramatic excellence. The financial question remained problematic. Several solutions were brought under consideration and successively dismissed. One was to place the whole management under the patronage of some ambitious Mæcenas, who for the notoriety thus obtained, would bear on his shoulders the burden of outlay; and offers were not wanting from wealthy citizens willing

so to sacrifice themselves. But Antoine felt that this would entail a certain deference to gilded opinion incompatible with the title assumed for the moment, and the proposition was quashed. A second suggestion was that authors should mount their own plays. But unknown writers have not usually a plethoric purse, and men of reputation might rather demand emolument for their labor than submit to disbursement for the privilege of lending the lustre of their name to some insignificant scribbler. The last plan, which was finally adopted, was to form a subscription association, relying thereby entirely on the support of the sympathetic few of Paris. By the payment of a certain sum annually anyone could be enrolled as an associate member of the Théâtre Libre, and receive a season ticket to a series of eight or more performances.

In the acceptance of the public, M. Antoine and his upstart venture were soon regarded as the organ of naturalism, and it must be confessed that its leading representatives were conspicuous worshippers at every service of the cult. Wandering in the corridors, or seated in some loge, might frequently be seen A. Daudet, Catulle Mendes or the Goncourts, each surrounded by a little coterie of followers, while thrilling tales disturbed the outside world of orgies indescribable and unlicensed ceremonies over which presided the great high priest Zola himself. One may easily imagine the godsend all this proved to the press. The weary minutes spent in writing up a feuilleton on some reproduction at the Comédie Française, or some trifling essay at one of the smaller theatres, were now enlivened by the fresh ideas of the new art, and in delight over the discovery and the unaccustomed exercise of their critical faculties, they magnified, perhaps, the substance of the message. Their exuberance, however, proved a pleasant breath for M. Antoine's craft, and started it over a smooth sea with full sails. The performances followed one another, as specified, at regular intervals, and although the director found some difficulty in obtaining sufficient manuscript of unrecognized talent, still his company was fairly well employed.

In the spring of 1894 the corps went to Marseilles and were well received; perhaps, be-

cause the plays put upon the stage there did not embody their most radical principles. Success was assured, at all events, by the large clientele which the movement numbered in the busy city of the Mediterranean. On his return Antoine made a brief visit to Berlin, in order to give the German people an opportunity of profiting by the advance in the drama made under his guidance, but only a moderate appreciation was accorded him. From there he went into Italy, giving a short season at Milan and Rome. In the latter city his manager absconded with the entire receipts of the tour, and Antoine and his comrades turned their faces sorrowfully homewards with empty pockets. The association was now in debt fifty thousand francs, and as its chief was personally responsible for the affairs of the company, he cast about for some means of discharging the obligation. In the staging of the numerous plays he had handled, Antoine had acquired wonderful dexterity in certain roles, and a vast knowledge of dramatic effect, and when his straits became known he was offered a position with M. Porel at the Gymnase, where he will doubtless remain until he has lifted the debt so unceremoniously thrust upon him. In the mean time, the affairs of the Théâtre Libre have been placed in the hands of M. Larochelle, a clever actor and friend of M. Antoine, who now fills the position of director, and is in charge of the scenery and other properties belonging to the organization.

It is now possible to deduce from observation of its actual workings thus far, the spirit of the Théâtre Libre, and to note the interpretation it has placed upon its own creed. Attention has already been directed towards the aim of the society when first inaugurated. Its idea was to enable young authors who had not yet tried their strength to realize their efforts objectively; to recognize their faults, and in case the work submitted was deserving, to furnish to the managers of different theatres an opportunity of judging of the merits of a play from an actual performance on the stage. In view of an experience such as that of M. de Banville, by no means unique, who with an assured literary reputation, and a name familiar in the repertory of the Comédie Fran-

gaïse, had still to wait fifteen years for the representation of a one-act play, the object seems most necessary and commendable.

Sarcey asserts that genius will become self-evident under any circumstances, and one sometimes wonders if the upward paths so carefully graded and smoothly paved in our time, are not for the uncertain feet of weakness, rather than the vigorous tread of conscious strength.

The leader of the new movement exclaims in despair after a brief trial of his theory,

"All the well known authors have responded to my appeal, but where are the young ones? I knock at all doors, the shops, the clubs, and elsewhere, but nothing presents itself. Can it be that directors are not as inexorable as they are painted?"

With the hearing assured for whatever might be written, the worshippers of extreme naturalism elevated their idol. Essays in dramatic composition from a naturalistic point of view forced themselves on the attention of the Théâtre Libre. These efforts were in reality little else than loose dialogue, wholly removed in structure from the conventional standards of stage art, and elsewhere would have signally failed. The assumption was maintained that the theatre had degenerated, and the time had come to free it from affectation. This was the manner of reasoning. The dramatic personæ of classic plays were mere philosophic entities without mortal affiliation, and it is proper and fitting that the words put into their mouths should be appropriately intoned with heroic attitude and gesture, but the language, tones, and hearing of real live men and women, moving through scenes of ordinary incident on the stage, must be after the familiar fashion of everyday life. It is almost impossible, says Antoine, to persuade an actor of the necessity of merging himself in the character he assumes. They are all eager to obtrude their own personality, and the footlights exercise a sort of magnetic attraction upon their movements. They seldom speak one to the other, but address all observations to the balcony, a habit quite foreign to polite conversation. Their walk is stereotyped, and their general manner of a kind impossible to associate with any sane human being. There is no simplicity, no artlessness, and it is these

qualities which it is desirable to restore.

A revolution was begun along these lines, and then after true French fashion, reformation ended in excess. Actors spoke naturally, without rhetorical exaggeration, but in their too careful regard for the stage auditor, they ignored the house entirely, dropping their voices at times so as to be quite inaudible; they sought occasion to turn their backs on the audience; footlights were dispensed with as far as possible and all articles used as stage properties were genuine to the point of absurdity. Nature! Nature! everything was true to nature. This literalness was the concrete *expression* of an idea, the *decoration* of a theory. The late dramatic critic of the *Journal des Débats*, M. Weiss, remarks, "Realistic literature in modern times has a tendency to become brutal literature," and this tendency in the Théâtre Libre developed rapidly. Why is it we must ask that the disciples of this school so frequently mistake violence for strength, brutality for energy, cynicism for frankness?

The younger men seemed to vie with each other in casting aside old ideals, and in assuming to the extreme the characteristics of the modern cult. It will be remembered that when M. Zola published his triumph of naturalism, *La Terre*, there was a universal protest, and an elaborate rebuke appeared in one of the daily papers signed by P. Bonnetain, Lucien Descaves, Paul Margueritte, Gustaves Guiches and M. Rosny. Alas for the frailty of human resolution. These weak-kneed protestors grew weary of their lofty position, and descending to the level of him whom they censured, produced severally minute sketches of pornographic drawing which might cause Zola to tremble for his smirched laurels. The conservative critic of *Le Temps* remarks with some reserve, "we have not found in the Théâtre Libre what we anticipated; the hope of a dramatic author, a renaissance in art," and in truth the literary contributors to the movement seemed to have forgotten their birthright. Like the impressionists in painting and the independents in poetry, they were overpowered by the illogical conviction that a thing must be good because the public cry out against it. The stage of the new Theatre was

regarded as a happy hunting ground, where any taste, no matter how debased, might find matter to its liking. The audience composed largely of dilettanti and amateurs grasped at anything savoring of the disgusting or horrible as a refreshment for a jaded palate. At times there was some honest indignation expressed.

Again M. Sarcey is annoyed and confused. He cannot believe it possible that the performances are given in good faith and conjectures that the motive actuating the whole is the desire of shocking the public and confounding the critic. If, however, the work is genuinely done, and is to continue of the same stamp, he declares very sharply to M. Antoine, that there are some who would prefer never to see the inside of his theatre again. The defense offered for the staging of these, this thrusting into publicity the degraded and hateful side of human life, is sufficiently feeble. It is true that the proclaimed statutes of M. Antoine bring such matter directly within the province of his organization, but it must be that the taste of the manager has become demoralized by the sort of work he has so largely handled, as his allegiance is certainly one-sided. In his efforts to avoid the old style, he discards all compositions possessing true dramatic spirit, as well as those revealing the better qualities of human nature, and breathing a wholesome tone of decency and purity. It is only here, however, that it would have been possible to produce in Paris Ibsen's plays and certain of Tolstoi's. The *Wild Duck* and the *Ghosts* by Ibsen, and *The Powers of Darkness*, by Tolstoi, have been carefully performed and received with applause; Bjoernsen has also been represented. In all, eighty-four plays have been given, and of these thirty-two have been reproduced by other theatres, twenty-one are in verse, sixty-three in prose, twenty authors have been introduced to the theatre for the first time, while writers of repute contributed largely to make up the tale. Imitations of the movement have sprung up and are now to be found in Berlin, St. Petersburg and, till recently, I believe, in certain of our own cities, all more or less successful.

To a certain extent then the Théâtre Libre has accomplished its avowed aim. It has dis-

covered young authors and lightened the discouragements of struggling aspirants for dramatic fame, but the moral standard has been so low, and the artistic inspiration so feeble, that the lode developed is insignificant, and the results without any general influence upon the character of theatrical amusements. Its founder in his uncontrolled passion for nature has shut his eyes to everything else. Realism misunderstood and exaggerated has become with him and his confrères a blind frenzy for the unvarnished portrayal of whatever is base and sensual. There is no sky over their head, they see only the earth and the earth is neither good nor beautiful. Pessimism rejoices in the ally obtained, and nominates the whole clique as his ingenious ministers. The black-browed demon has found a fit habitation all swept and garnished for his possession. But it is a hopeful symptom of the times that the Théâtre Libre has exercised so little influence and seems to promise no permanent hold upon the French people at large. The issue will probably be similar to that above-mentioned in the case of Fernand Samuel and the Cercle de nos Intimes, the precursor of the Théâtre Libre. Antoine will assume the position of director in some one of the large Parisian theatres, and his organization will be remembered as a passing phenomenon in the dramatic history of the Nineteenth Century.*

The performance of the Théâtre Libre at the Théâtre aux menus Plaisirs, June 13, 1895, was *Grandpapa* by M. C. Berton, and *Si c'était* by M. Theureux. I give a condensed sketch of the plays. Gallerand, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, having left his wife in the country, sets out one evening in Paris after a banquet in search of amusement. He runs across a young woman at the Moulin Rouge who pleases him, accompanies her home, and, having driven a cynical bargain with her, finds accidentally on the mantel a photograph of himself. It seems that he

* Since writing the above, M. Antoine has, in fact, in June 1896, been chosen by the State as one of the directors of the Odéon, which presumably would furnish abundant opportunity for his energy and talent, but the conservative ideas of his colleague so hampered the new director that, after several months trial, he resigned in disgust with the intention of seeking some more congenial field for the development of his art.

was in former days the lover of one Adelaide, whom he abandoned after ruining her, and Adelaide is the grandmother of this Lolo, the girl with whom he is tampering, and who is thus his own grandchild. This discovery added to the depressing effect of truffles and burgundy, produces congestion of the brain, and Gallerand drops dead. After some excitement, the grandmother recovers her wits; Gallerand is rich. His family will be heart-broken at the scandal of his death. Here is an opening. The old woman hurries off to inform his people of the calamity and gets thirty thousand francs as hush money. Desfontaines, the brother-in-law, becomes interested in Lolo, and endeavors to persuade her to live an honest life, but entirely satisfied with the ten thousand francs, received as her share of the profits, she sends him off with a jeer, and so ends the story.

The second piece was a strange composition. Paudry and his wife are poor working people and their child is sick unto death. One night a knock is heard at the door and a man enters seeking shelter. Clad in a black blouse and with long blond hair and beard, this man resembles Jesus Christ. In fact the visitor is Christ himself. Paudry takes him for an Anarchist to whom he had offered his house as a refuge, and who with others was about to commit a final atrocity against the government. If Paudry's child does not die he is to postpone the deed, and a colored cloth in the window is to give notice to his colleagues. But the child dies and Christ influences Paudry to give the signal and prevent the crime. The workman obeys after a desperate struggle. Christ retires and the awe-struck man finds that his child has returned to life.

The first play opened well. The first act having point and dramatic purpose, but it ended nowhere, meant nothing, and commanded no real interest.

The second play was called a symbolistic play; but I fail to detect the symbol or the mattersymbolized. It was a strange program, quite typical in its confusion of French literature at the present time, but by no means a true index of its power.

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SCANDINAVIAN STUDIES.

Sproglig-Historiske Studier tilegnede Professor C. R. UNGER. Kristiania: H. Aschehoug & Co., 1896. 8vo, 226 pages.

ON the first day of the New Year (1897), the above-named volume of Linguistic and Historical Studies was presented to Professor C. R. Unger by eleven of his disciples and colleagues. It was peculiarly well-timed, for on that day Prof. Unger completed the eightieth year of his age and the fiftieth of his activity as editor of Old Norse texts.

A few words as to Prof. Unger himself and his scholarly work may fitly preface this notice of the articles thus brought together to do him honor.

In appearance Prof. Unger is rather short and slim, with white hair and full beard. He is gentle, modest and kind,—one of those quiet, reserved natures which never awake enmity or strife. He is unmarried and lives in Christiania with an unmarried sister in a little detached house, surrounded by a garden, and in this dwelling he has spent the greater part of his long life. His chief interest lies in the library, which he himself has collected, and which now numbers some six thousand volumes, including many rarities. Among them, it may be noted, are no less than forty different editions of Shakspeare, and several hundred volumes of criticism and comment on the poet, for whom his admiration is unbounded.

His scholarly work began in 1847, when, in collaboration with P. A. Munch, the historian, he published an Old Norse Grammar and Reader, as well as editions of the Elder Edda and *Fagrskinna*; and in the same year appeared the first volume of *Diplomatarium Norvegicum*, the great collection of Norw. charters from the Middle Ages, on which he has worked, more or less, along with others, his whole life, and of which the fifteenth large volume is now about to appear. Then followed a long series of editions of O. N. texts dealing with historic, æsthetic and religious subjects: in 1848, appeared *Alexanders Saga*, and *Kongespeilet* (in connection with Keyser and Munch); in 1849, *Olafs Saga hins Helga*; in 1850, *Strengleikar eða Ljóðabók*; in 1851, *Barlaams og Josaphats Saga* (all three in connection with Keyser); in 1853, *Saga Diðriks Konungs af Bern*, and *Saga Olafs Konungs ens Helga* (in connection with Munch); in 1853-62, *Stjórn* (old Norw. Bible History); in 1860, *Karlamagnus Saga ok Kappa hans*; in 1860-8, *Flateyjarbók* (collection of sagas of O. Norw. kings), 3 parts; in 1864, *Gammel Norsk Homiliebog*; in 1867, *Morkinskinna*; in 1868, Snorri Sturlason's *Heimskringla*; in 1869, *Thomas Saga Erkibyskups*; in 1871, *Codex Frisianus* (collection of sagas of Norw. kings) and *Mariu Saga*; in 1873, *Konunga Sögur*; in 1874, *Postola Sögur*; and in 1877, *Heilagra Manna Sögur*, two parts—to say nothing of the important part he played in the completion of Fritzner's *Dict. of Old Norse*. Few men can point to so long

a series of useful publications, and all were undertaken without hope of monetary return.

The *Festschrift* which lies before us comprises eleven articles of various length, of which four are really historical and one geographical, the rest philological in the wide sense of the word. The following review, though necessarily brief, will suffice to give some idea of their contents.

I. Amund B. Larsen, *On the Relation of Norwegian Dialects to Neighboring Tongues* (pp. 1-11).—This article illustrates the difficulty of setting any definite boundaries for Norwegian dialects as distinct from Danish and Swedish, and of distinguishing precisely between the dialects spoken in the several districts of Norway itself. We ask if there is any real Norw. unity of language, any distinctive features common to all Norw. dialects, which give it a position apart from other Scand. tongues; and the author answers in the negative: "There is no single characteristic which embraces all Norw." There are, of course, features which are more widespread in Norway than in neighboring lands, and in the popular consciousness these are taken to differentiate Norw. from the other languages (such, for example, as the diphthongs, the hard consonants, *kv* from *hv*, umlaut in the present of strong verbs); but a precise limitation which would hold for all parts of the country is impossible.

To a foreigner the condition of the language now actually spoken in Norway is an interesting study. Along with the rapid growth of national feeling and the desire for independence, has sprung up a very decided longing for a distinct and separate language, and everything is moving in that direction. For the moment there is nothing settled. Variations in orthography may even be noted in the different articles in the volume under discussion. Björnson writes differently from Ibsen, and follows to some extent the leading of the chauvinistic Knudsen, who would fetter the language with artificial, even if national, bonds. It is Henrik Ibsen, however, as Prof. Joh. Storm points out in an interesting little book, *Norsk Sprog*, just published, who is writing the Norw. of the future. His language is the standard at present, and promises to remain

so. How greatly, however, it varies from that dialectically spoken in various parts of Norway, may be seen by comparing it with that found in Arne Garborg's remarkable volume *Haugtuna*, which, unfortunately, is almost entirely lost to the world at large, being in a dialect which would not suffer translation even into ordinary Norwegian. The difference between the language spoken by cultivated people in the different parts of Scandinavia is more a question of pronunciation and accent than of vocabulary. In Denmark and Norway the written language is in large measure identical. Swedish, on the other hand, has to be learned by itself.

II. Sophus Bugge, *Old Norse Composite Words in -nauþr* (pp. 12-29).

B. gives a list of such composites with indication of the earliest occurrence of each, discusses the various explanations of the form, and then concludes:

"O.N. *nauþr* 'companion' A. S. *genéat*, O.S. *genót*, O.H.G. *ginōz* are connected with *njóta*, 'to have use and advantage of something,' and designate etymologically 'him who uses (possesses, enjoys) something *together* with another or others.' This 'together' is essential for an understanding of the word, and must, therefore, have once been formally expressed in it. The primitive Germ. form of the word must, therefore, have been **ga-nauta-z*. As to the formation of the word, cf. Kluge, *Nominate Stammbild.*, § 4."

He then shows how the O. N. forms of compounds with *-nauþr* could have developed from primitive Germanic, and remarks in closing, that these compounds in *-nauþr*, like *glíkr*, *gnógr*, *granni*, and other Scand. words which contained *ga-*, give evidence that the lack of weakly accented prefixes, which is a marked characteristic of Scand. as opposed to other Germanic languages, first developed in the historical form of the language and is not original. There are traces in Scand. of the weak prefix *bi-*. In many cases in which several shades of meaning in Scand. words are designated by one and the same uncombined verb, while in other Germanic languages one of these shades of meaning is expressed by the uncombined verb, the others by the verb combined with unaccented prefixes, the latter state of things is, in B's opinion, the more original. Yet, as he says, the question deserves further study.

III. O. Rygh, *Names of Fjords in Norway* (pp. 30-86),—a valuable discussion of the names of fjords which occur in O. N. documents, and their localization. Some three hundred and ninety names (cited in the convenient register which is added) are mentioned in the course of the article, which is an important contribution to the history of the formation of Norw. place-names, and the changes time has wrought on them.

IV. H. J. Huitfeldt-Kaas, *On False Diplomas* (pp. 87-107), of which there are about sixty printed in the *Diplomatarium Norv.*

V. Absalon Tarangr, *Ábúð jarðar hinuilar tekju* (pp. 108-124),—an obscure legal sentence in *Frostathingsbogen* xiii. 1 (also in *Landslov-en*, vii. 1), which T. would translate thus:

"The fulfilment of the duty of keeping in repairs assures the lessee the enjoyment of the lease that is, the peaceful possession of the ground until the expiration of the term of the lease."

VI. G. A. Gjessing, *Sæmund Frodi's Authorship* (pp. 125-152),—an effort to collect all the material which throws light on the life and literary activity of Sæmund Sigfusson (1056-1153), who shares with Ari Thorgilsson (1067 (8)-1148), the author of the *Íslendigabók*, the honor of laying the foundations of Icelandic saga-writing. Gj. leaves unsettled the question as to whether Sæmund's *Noregs Konungatal* was written in Latin or Norse: probably it was in Latin, but he may have himself written in Norse, or there may have been O. N. translations of his book, if it was written in Latin.

VII. M. Nygaard, *The Learned Style in O. N. Prose* (pp. 153-170). N. distinguishes between the literature which endeavored to reproduce the everyday living speech, and that taken more or less directly from foreign sources. The latter he calls "learned." It became common toward the close of the thirteenth century. The most striking syntactical peculiarities which characterize it appear in the use of (1) the pres. part., (2) the past part., (3) the reflexive, (4) the relative. Other peculiarities, however, show themselves in the use of (1) apposition, (2) the pred. object, (3) the dative, (4) the adjective, (5) the acc. with infinitive, and in certain more general features. This interesting article would form a good basis for a comparison of A. S. and O. N. learned

prose styles. The A. S. church had decided influence on the Norse. See Taranger, *Den Angelsaksiske Kirkes Indflydelse paa den Norske*, and Bernhard Kahle, *Die Altnord. Sprache im Dienste des Christentums*.

VIII. Alf Torp, *Contribution to the Explanation of Germanic, especially Scand. Words* (pp. 171-188).—The words treated are: O. N. *andoefa*; O. N. *auðinn*; O. N. *bil*; Norw. dial. *bringe*; O. N. *brúðr*; Norw. dial. *brusk*; Norw. dial. *budda*; O. N. *djarfr*; O. N. *drengr*; Germanic *dumba*; Mod. Germ. *flau*; Norw. dial. *flint*; O. N. *flá*; O. N. *frekr*; O. N. *gamni*; O. N. *gá*; Norw. dial. *gaare*; O. N. *geisti*; D. dial. *gimmer*.

IX. Ebbe Hertzberg, *Another Christian Legal Proposal of the Thirteenth Century* (pp. 189-204).

X. Hjalmar Falk, *On the Intercalation of j with Strengthening and especially Depreciating Meaning in Scand. Words* (pp. 205-216). The theory of the development of language according to the principle of greatest ease has its exceptions. Falk gives a list of seventy-six words beginning with the labials *b*, *f*, *p*, in which a *j* is inserted after the consonant so that the word is made to begin with a strengthened explosive. He is disposed to accept Ross's explanation that it is by analogy with interjections of disdain, etc. (for example, *fy*, *pyt*, *bah*), that the blown-out breath after *f* or *p* has called forth an echo in *j*, which was strong enough to make itself effective as an independent sound. After one had grown accustomed to feel the *f* sound as an expression of disdain, it could easily have come to be inserted after other consonants. Yet there are many words with such an inserted *j* which do not have a depreciating meaning: a large group is found in names for all sorts of noise, really onomatopoeic words. Here a *j* has been inserted without reference to the above-mentioned analogy. Falk's material shows the insertion of *j* in all the chief Scand. languages. The phenomenon does not seem to have been known in Old Norse.

XI. Gustav Storm, *Old Guild Statutes from Trondhjem* (pp. 217-226). S. prints, translates, and comments on an interesting fragment of a MS., dating from the twelfth or thirteenth century, which came to hand too late to be in-

serted in the splendid edition of *Norway's Old Laws*, of which S. has been the editor. It throws light on some obscure points in the history of the guilds. A facsimile of the MS. accompanies the article.

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GERMAN SCIENCE READERS.

A Scientific German Reader, by GEORGE THEODORE DIPPOLD, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of Modern Languages at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Boston: Ginn and Company, 1895. 8vo, pp. iv, 322.

German Scientific Reading, with Notes and Vocabulary, by H. C. G. BRANDT, Ph. D., Professor of German in Hamilton College; and W. C. DAY, Ph. D., Professor of Chemistry in Swarthmore College. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1897. 8vo, pp. vi, 269.

THE value of readings in elementary German science for students of technical institutions and science courses in our universities and colleges is unquestioned. As German is now almost the universal language of science, it is imperative upon the worker in any branch of science that he should be able to follow the results of German scholarship in his particular field, which can be done, to a large extent, only in the original language. Such readings, begun as soon as possible after the student has mastered the rudiments of grammar and can read easy ordinary prose, smooth the way for that reading which he must do in the higher classes and in after life, by acquainting him with the vocabulary and the style of scientific writers. Then, too, the very fact that a foreign language is the vehicle of instruction aids to impress the elementary truths of science more vividly upon the mind of the pupil. But surely such reading ought not to be confined to the needs and purposes of students of science. Properly selected, it could be made a profitable feature of every German course. As mere drill in translation, in the exact rendering of a given text into correct and concise English, and in the increase of vocabulary in both languages, such reading can hardly be excelled. Familiar words have here a differ-

ent meaning, and the participial construction—so convenient for the author who desires to say much in a short space, but so puzzling to the uninitiated—is found here in all its baleful charm. It is an interesting, though cruel, experiment to place a page of scientific German before the student of even more than average ability, and notice how soon he is floundering helplessly! Yet he should be made acquainted with the compactness and exactness of German prose as well as with its elegancies and refinements.

The books named above are admirably adapted for the purposes of both the ordinary college course and the specifically scientific courses, Brandt and Day more especially for the latter. The selections are judiciously made, by scholars peculiarly fitted for the task, from authorities in the various lines of work; and the subjects themselves cover practically all the sciences included in the first year of a scientific curriculum, perhaps more. Although similar in scope, the two books are sufficiently different in their contents to supplement each other. Thus Dippold has essays on the *Dampfmaschine* and on *Elementar-Geometrie*, which subjects are not treated in Brandt and Day; while the latter contains pages on *Electrotechnik* and *Kosmische Physik*, which are not represented in Dippold. It would be found valuable to read the article on *Anthropologie* in Dippold and that on *Biologie* in Brandt and Day together, even though they have some sections in common. In the notes to each we find good explanations of the participial construction; that in Brandt and Day being more fully illustrated by examples drawn from the first few pages.

To speak of particular features of each work; the diagrams and cuts illustrative of the text in Dippold are to be commended. Sections i-x of *Chemie*, i-v and viii of *Physik*, and all of the *Dampfmaschine* and *Elementar-Geometrie* were apparently written by the editor, since the sources and authors of the other articles are mentioned in the notes. These presumably original articles and sections of articles are written in a good, scientific style, and are authoritative and exact in statement. The selected articles are drawn principally from different books of the *Sammlung Götschen* or from *Das*

neue Buch der Erfindungen, etc., both favorably known in German schools. A feature which will appeal to many instructors is the series of exercises, for translation from English into German, based upon the German text. These can be made very valuable, either as impromptu exercises or for preparation out of the class-room. The lack of a Vocabulary, a regrettable fact, is somewhat compensated for by the very ample notes, which also include biographical and other information. A suggestion based upon experience may be allowed here: It will be found valuable to require of the pupil a great deal of encyclopedic knowledge usually contained in notes, by assigning the various references to different members of the class. The pedagogic utility of such a plan is apparent, and it also accustoms the student to the use of books of reference. It cannot be denied, however, that it is a great convenience to have such information in short space and so admirably compiled as here.

The most commendable feature of Brandt and Day is the excellent and complete Vocabulary. When we remember the entire lack of a Technological Dictionary in German and English which represents the advance of science in the last ten years, it will be recognised that this glossary, modern because the selections are modern, has a value beyond the limits of the volume. It was a happy thought to include a selection each of a more general character from A. von Humboldt and from Goethe, not alone because (to quote from the preface): "the fine specimens of description by those masters of the art ought to be acceptable to" the student of science "and should broaden the narrow horizon of his specialty," but also because, if read first, these articles will form an excellent transition for the general student from ordinary to scientific prose. It is not quite clear why these extracts are not also printed in Roman type, unless it be to mark the distinction between them and the strictly scientific part of the volume. When the notes to so many editions for school and college use seem to be written with the object of increasing the bulk of the volume or to relieve the student of the use of grammar, dictionary and encyclopedia, some instructors will be

grateful that the editors have reduced the scope of the Notes to that which is absolutely essential. Would it not have been advisable, however, to have given, either in the Notes or at the close of each subject, the title of the author and treatise from which that portion of the reader was drawn? Without doubt many students and instructors will desire to have this information, especially as the extract may awaken a desire to read the entire work.

In conclusion, the impression may be recorded, that these Science Readers are destined, alone or (better) in conjunction with each other, to supersede all similar works which have yet appeared in this country.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTES ON DONNE.

TO THE EDITORS OF MOD. LANG. NOTES,

SIRS:—K. Pietsch in his notes on Schelling's *Book of Elizabethan Lyrics* in a former number (vol. xi, 1896) of your journal, explains Donne's line "Get with child a mandrake root," by quoting, from Delius, Reed's citation of Bulleine concerning the mandrake, "without the death of some living thing it cannot be drawn out of the earth to man's use." The writer adds,

"It would undoubtedly have been unheard of, and is, therefore, ranked as an impossibility by the poet, to get a mandrake root with a child,"

that is, by means of a child.

Donne's uses of the mandrake elsewhere (*Elegy on the Death of Prince Henry*, l. 53 f., *The Progress of the soul*, ll. 131-170) not only add no probability to this explanation, but one example proves it to be incorrect. Here Eve, searching for a remedy to apply to her cradled child whose

" . . . moist red eyes

Had never shutt, nor slept, since it saw light,"

pulls up the plant without harm,

" Poppie she knew, she knew the mandrake's might,
And tore up both, and so cooled her child's bloud."

The expression "gett with chylde" is rather to be taken in its usual sense of to cause to be-

come pregnant; the reason to "gett with chylde a mandrake roote" is used as an example of the impossible may be seen from Mr. Grosart's note to line 131 of *The Progress of the Soul* (Donne, in Fuller Worthies Library, I, 92).

Here one is reminded that the roots of the plant occasionally presented a resemblance to the human figure, and Parkinson in *Theat. Botan.* (1640) is quoted as follows:

"and, therefore, those idle formes of the mandrakes and womandrakes, as they are foolishly so called, which have been exposed to public view, both in ours and other lands and countries, are utterly deceitful, being the work of cunning knaves, only to get mony by their forgery."

Mr. Grosart also notes

"It would seem by his 'Paradisus' that Parkinson tried to get the city magistrates to forbid the exhibition of these indecent forgeries, . . . as in the later cases of Anatomical Museums."

The description of the mandrake in *The Progress of the Soul*, ll. 141-150, accords well with this suggestion while no mention in Donne's poetry substantiates the former explanation, which, too, is less in harmony with the spirit of Donne's work than that now suggested.

As a parallel to Donne's somewhat celebrated compass metaphor (*Obsequies of Lord Harrington*, l. 107 f. *Upon partinge from His Mistris*, l. 24 f.) the lines of Carew are probably not unfamiliar:

"You are the compass; and I never sound
Beyond your circle, neither can I show
Aught, but what first expressed is in you."

To Celia, on Love's Ubiquity, l. 35 f.

and

"For, like a Compass, on your love
One foot is fixed, and cannot move:
Th' other may follow the blind guide
Of giddy Fortune, but not slide
Beyond your service, nor dare venture
To wander far from you the centre."

Excuse of Absence-Cosens' MS., l. 3 f.

I have not, however, seen attention called to the use of the same figure in a quotation sometimes made from Omar Khayyam:

"You and I are the image of a pair of compasses; though we have two heads we have one body; when we have fixed the centre for our circle, we bring our heads together at the end."

The familiar figure of "the enchantresse Honor," who guards the maiden in Donne (*The Dampe*, l. 12, *Opinion*, l. 45), who was known to Carew as "The Giant Honour, that keeps cowards out," (*A Rapture*, ll. 3, 124 f. 145, *The Mournful Parting of two Lovers*, l. 29, f.), and known similarly to Cowley (*Mistress*), and to Sidney (concluding song in *Astrophel and Stella*) may find, if not a source, at least an interesting parallel, in Tasso's *Ode to the Golden Age*.

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NOTE ON A PASSAGE IN *Julius Caesar*.

TO THE EDITORS OF MOD. LANG. NOTES,

SIRS:—Much unnecessary trouble has been given to the commentators by the following passage from *Julius Caesar*, Act i, Scene ii, line 85:

"If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently,
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death."

Of this Johnson says (I quote from the note in Rolfe's school edition):

"When Brutus first names Honour and Death, he calmly declares them indifferent; but, as the image kindles in his mind, he sets Honour above life."

Coleridge adds:

"Warburton would read *death* for *both*; but I prefer the old text. There are here three things—the public good, the individual Brutus' honour, and his death. The latter two so balanced each other, that he could decide for the first by equipoise; nay,—the thought growing,—that honour had more weight than death."

The difficulty which these critics have felt seems to have been occasioned by their failure to perceive that Brutus is here punning on the word *honor*, which means not only personal integrity, but also high rank, dignity, distinction. In this latter sense we find it, for example, in the *Merchant of Venice*, Act ii, Scene ix, line 42:

"O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer! . . .
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new-varnish'd."

A score of further examples might be cited, but I content myself with one from *Cymbeline* Act iii, Scene i, l. 70:

"Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me, again perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance."

According to the interpretation here advanced, Brutus' meaning might be stated thus: "In matters concerning the public good, I will take indifferently high position or death, for I love my personal integrity more than I fear death."

The probability of this explanation is increased by the fact that the same play upon the word *honor* is found in another of Shakespeare's dramas, *Love's Labors Lost*, Act iii, Scene i, line 170:

"Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honour without breach of honour may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness."

I have been unable to find either of these puns upon *honor* in Wurth's *Wortspiel bei Shakpere*.

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GERMAN LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITORS OF MOD. LANG. NOTES.

SIRS:—On the first of January, 1897, there appeared as Number 5 of Vol. 11 of *Progress*, a pamphlet on the *History of German Literature* written by myself, which, owing to no fault of mine, contains serious mistakes, against which I must here publicly protest.

I had reason to believe that my MS. was in good hands. I, therefore, left for Europe, thinking everything would be done satisfactorily, but find that, first of all, most confusing misprints have crept in, and secondly, that selections have been inserted that I never suggested, and others that I did suggest were inserted in the wrong places.

I do not wish to trespass upon the space of your journal by giving a list of all the ludicrous misprints that disfigure the pamphlet; most of them will be readily detected by your readers. In regard to the subject matter, I will content myself with saying that I disown absolutely everything (including the pictures) in the treatise, except the text and the abstracts from the *Edda*, *Parcival*, and the *Nibelungenlied*. I must, however, say that on p. 298, between § 4 and § 5, a passage has been left out, and hence the sense has been blurred.

I hereby most vigorously protest against the treatment I have received at the hands of the editors of *Progress*, and add that I regard the pamphlet as it now is, as dangerous to beginners.

CAMILLO VON KLENZE.

Munich.